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The Lusiads

ENGLISHED BY

RICHARD F. BURTON

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OS LUSIADAS

(THE LUSIADS):

ENGLISHED

BY

RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON:

(EDITED BY HIS WIFE,

ISABEL BURTON).

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

LONDON:

BERNARD QUARI.

15 PICCADILLY, W.

1880.

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WYMAN AND SONS, PRINTERS,
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To

H. I. M.

DOM PEDRO DE ALCANTARA,

(D. PEDRO II.)

Constitutional Emperor, and Perpetual Defender

of

THE BRAZIL;

to

the Man rather than the Monarch

this Version of a Poem,

so dear to the heart of every Brazilian,

is offered

by

His Imperial Majesty's

most obedient

humble Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

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Il far un libro è meno che niente,
Se il libro fatto non rifà la gente.

GIUSTI.

Place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit.

SHAKSPEARE.

Ora toma a espada, agora a penna
(*Now with the sword-hilt, then with pen in hand*).

CAM., *Sonn.* 192.

Bramo assai,—poco spero,—nulla chiedo.

TASSO.

Tout cela prouve enfin que l'ouvrage est plein de grandes beautés, puisque depuis deux cents ans il fait les délices d'une nation spirituelle qui doit en connôitre les fautes.

VOLTAIRE, *Essai, etc.*

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TO MY MASTER

CAMOENS:

(*Tu se' lo mio maestro, e' l mio autore*).

GREAT Pilgrim-poet of the Sea and Land ;
Thou life-long sport of Fortune's ficklest will ;
Doomed to all human and inhuman ill,
Despite thy lover-heart, thy hero-hand :
Enrollèd by thy pen what marv'ellous band
Of god-like Forms thy golden pages fill ;
Love, Honour, Justice, Valour, Glory thrill
The Soul, obedient to thy strong command :
Amid the Prophets highest sits the Bard,
At once Revealer of the Heav'en and Earth,
To Heav'en the guide, of Earth the noblest guard ;
And, 'mid the Poets thine the peerless worth,
Whose glorious song, thy Genius' sole reward,
Bids all the Ages, Camoens ! bless thy birth..

R. F. B.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

I FELT that I had no light task before me when I undertook to edit my Husband's Translation of Camoens' "Lusiads." The nearer I come to that work the more mountainous does it appear, instead of dispersing as most work does when one sets one's shoulder to the wheel.

Yet, I feel that no other than myself should do this office for him; for I shared his travels in Portugal, his four years up country in Brazil, learnt the language with him, and I have seen for nineteen and a-half years the Camoens table duly set apart—the *bonne bouche* of the day. I have been daily and hourly consulted as to this expression, or this or that change of word, this or that peculiarity of Camoens.

What, then, are those difficulties, you, the reader, will ask me? Let me try to explain. So many enterprising poet-authors have translated Camoens, and received their meed of praise and popularity. In old times, Fanshawe,

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the best because so quaint; then, Messrs. Mickle, Musgrave, and Mitchell; latterly, Mr. J. J. Aubertin, Mr. Duff, and Mr. Hewitt.

But *this* translation stands apart from all the rest—as far apart as the Passionspiel of Ober-Ammergau stands apart as a grand dramatic act of devotion from all the other Miracle-plays, now suppressed. This translation is not a literary *tour de force* done against time or to earn a reputation; it is the result of a daily act of devotion of twenty years from a man of *this* age who has taken the hero of a *former* age for his model, his master, as Dante did Virgil; and between whose two fates—Master and Disciple—exists a strange and fatal similarity.

What I tremble for in its publication is, that it is too æsthetic for the British Public, and will not meet with its due meed of appreciation as the commoner translations have done. If a thousand buy it, will a hundred read it, and will ten understand it? I say to myself; but then I brighten at the thought that to those ten it will be the gem of their library.

It stands in poetry where Boito's "Mefistofele" stands in music. He was not appalled by Gounod, nor Spohr, nor Wagner, nor Meyerbeer, and in the opinion of many musicians has distanced them all. The first

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hearing of his opera takes away your breath—that is, if you are a musician—if not, it was a sin to occupy the place which would have been a seventh heaven to a musician. You don't understand it, nor pretend to do so, but you long to go again, and you do go night after night, each time unfolding new beauties in each separate passage, until you know by heart and have dissected the whole, nor even then do you tire, but enjoy it all the more.

In this translation, whenever my Husband has appeared to coin words, or to use impossible words, they are the exact rendering of Camoens; in every singularity or seeming eccentricity, the Disciple has faithfully followed his Master, his object having been not simply to write good verse, but to give a literal word-for-word rendering of his favourite hero. And he has done it to the letter, not only in the WORDS, but in the *meaning* and *intention* of Camoens.

To the unæsthetic, to non-poets, non-linguists, non-musicians, non-artists, Burton's Lusiads will be an unknown land, an unknown tongue. One might as well expect them to enjoy a dominant seventh or an enharmonic change in harmony. To be a poet one must be a musician; to be a musician or a painter one must have a poetic temperament, or the poetry or the music will

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have a hard metallic sound, and become a doggerel, a scherzo; the painting a sign-post!

With this little explanation, I commend this grand work to the study of the public. The Commentaries will interest all alike.

ISABEL BURTON.

TRIESTE, *July 19th*, 1880.

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PREFACE.

THE most pleasing literary labour of my life has been to translate "The Lusiads." One of my highest aims has been to produce a translation which shall associate my name, not unpleasantly, with that of "my master, Camoens."

Those who favour me by reading this version are spared the long recital of why, how, and when Portugal's Maro became to me the perfection of a traveller's study. The first and chiefest charm was, doubtless, that of the Man. A wayfarer and voyager from his youth; a soldier, somewhat turbulent withal, wounded and blamed for his wounds; a moralist, a humourist, a satirist, and, consequently, no favourite with King Demos; a reverent and religious spirit after his own fashion (somewhat "Renaissance," poetic, and Pagan), by no means after the fashion of others; an outspoken, truth-telling, lucre-despising writer; a public servant whose motto was,—strange to say,—*Honour, not Honours;* a doughty Sword and yet doughtier Pen; a type

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of the chivalrous age; a patriot of the purest water, so jealous of his Country's good fame that nothing would satisfy him but to see the world bow before her perfections; a genius, the first and foremost of his day, who died in the direst poverty and distress: such in merest outline was the Man, and such was the Life which won the fondest and liveliest sympathies of the translator.

> *Poetas por poetas sejam lidos;*
> *Sejam só por poetas explicadas*
> *Suas obras divinas;*
> (Still by the Poets be the Poets read
> Only be render'd by the Poet's tongue
> Their works divine);

writes Manuel Corrêa. Mickle expresses the sentiment with more brevity and equal point. None but a poet can translate a poet; and Coleridge assigns to a poet the property of explaining a poet. Let me add that none but a traveller can do justice to a traveller. And it so happens that most of my wanderings have unconsciously formed a running and realistic commentary upon "The Lusiads." I have not only visited almost every place named in the Epos of Commerce, in many I have spent months and even years. The Arch-poet of Portugal paints from the life, he has also the insight which we call introvision; he sees with

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exact eyes where others are purblind or blind. Only they who have personally studied the originals of his pictures can appreciate their perfect combination of fidelity and realism with Fancy and Idealism. Here it is that the traveller-translator may do good service with his specialty.

Again, like Boccaccio, Camoens reflects the *Lux ex Oriente*. There is a perfume of the East in everything he writes of the East: we find in his song much of its havock and all its splendour. Oriental-like, he delights in the Pathetic Fallacy; to lavish upon inanimates the attributes of animate sensation. Here again, the student of things Eastern, the "practical Orientalist," may be useful by drawing attention to points which escape the European, however learned.

There are many translators of Camoens yet to come. We are an ephemeral race, each one struggling to trample down his elder brother, like the Simoniacal Popes in the Malebolge-pit. My first excuse for adding to the half-dozen translations in the field, must be my long studies, geographical and anthropological: I can at least spare future writers the pains and penalties of saddling the exactest of poets with bad ethnology and worse topography. These may be small matters, but in local colouring every touch tells.

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My chief qualifications for the task, however, are a thorough appreciation of the Poem and a hearty admiration for the Poet whom I learned to love in proportion as I learned to know him. His Lusiads has been described as *une lecture saine et fortifiante.* I would say far more. The Singer's gracious and noble thoughts are reviving as the champagne-air of the mountain-top. His verse has the true heroic ring of such old ballads as :—

S'en assaut viens, devant ta lance,
En mine, en échelle, en tous lieux,
En prouesse les bons avance,
Ta dame t'en aimera mieux.

And with this love and sympathy of mine mingles not a little gratitude. During how many hopeless days and sleepless nights Camoens was my companion, my consoler, my friend ;—on board raft and canoe ; sailer and steamer ; on the camel and the mule ; under the tent and the jungle-tree ; upon the fire-peak and the snow-peak ; on the Prairie, the Campo, the Steppe, the Desert !

Where no conversable being can be found within a march of months ; and when the hot blood of youth courses through the brain, Ennui and Nostalgia are readily bred, while both are fatal to the Explorer's

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full success. And, preferring to all softer lines the hard life of Discovery-travel :—

> Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
> Where foot of mortal man hath never been ;—

a career which combines cultivation and education with that resistless charm, that poetry-passion of the Unknown; whose joy of mere motion lightens all sorrows and disappointments; which aids, by commune with Nature, the proper study of Mankind; which enlarges the mental view as the hill-head broadens the horizon; which made Julian a saint, Khizr a prophet, and Odin a god: this *Reiselust*, I say, being my ruling passion, compelled me to seek a talisman against homesickness and the nervous troubles which learned men call Phrenalgia and Autophobia.

I found this talisman in Camoens.

And, if it be true that by virtue of his perfect affection and veneration for Homer, whom he loved as a second self, Chapman was enabled to reflect a something of the old Greek's magic force and fire, I also may be permitted to hope that complete sympathy with my Poet will enable me to present the public with a copy not unworthy of Camoens' immortal work.

After all, to speak without undue modesty, my most

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cogent reason for printing this translation of my Master is, simply because I prefer it to all that have appeared. Others will think otherwise; and there is a Judge from whose sentence lies no present appeal. I have spared no labour on the work; I have satisfied myself if not *Malebouche;* and I repeat my motto: *poco spero, nulla chiedo.* If a concurrence of adverse trifles prevent my being appreciated now, the day will come, haply somewhat late, when men will praise what they now pass by.

RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON.

CAIRO, *May* 1, 1880.

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NOTE.

CONTRARY to custom, I begin with my translation of the Poem, and end with what usually comes first, the Commentary. This Introduction, now converted to a postscript, is necessary for the full comprehension of an Epic upwards of three centuries old. But, believing in the "liberty of foot-notes," I have appended a few, which will save many readers the mortification of consulting the conclusion.

The following synopsis of THE LUSIADS shows the *raison d'être* of my commentary :—

Canto I.	The Voyage, in	...	stanzas	106,	lines	848
,, II.	,,	,,	...	,,	113,	,,	904
,, III.	Historical	,,	...	,,	143,	,,	1144
,, IV.	,,	,,	...	,,	104,	,,	832
,, V.	The Voyage and geographical				100,	,,	800
,, VI.	,,	,,	...	,,	99,	,,	792
,, VII.	Geographico-historical			,,	87,	,,	696
,, VIII.	Historical	,,	...	,,	99,	,,	792
,, IX.	Romantic	,,	...	,,	95,	,,	760
,, X.	Geographico-ethnographico-historical		...	,,	156,	,,	1248
	Totals		...	...	1,102		8,816

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The text of the Poem is immediately followed by the 79 *estancias desprezadas*, or stanzas, which, omitted by Camoens, were printed from manuscripts after his death. Of these 632 lines many were rejected for special reasons, and not a few deserve translation: they are here offered to the public for the first time.

Thus my Commentary falls naturally into IV. Chapters.

Chap. I. Biographical; with three Sections: § 1. Essay on the Life of Camoens; § 2. Camoens the Man; and, § 3. Camoens the Poet.

Chap. II. Bibliographical; with five Sections: § 1. On translating The Lusiads; § 2. English translators, with specimens; § 3. Notices of English translators; § 4. Minor partial and miscellaneous English translations; and, § 5. The present version.

Chap. III. Historical and Chronological; with four sections: § 1. Portugal before the reign of D. Joam II.; § 2. D.D. Joam III. and Manoel; § 3. The reign of D. Joam III.; and, § 4. The Annals of his Country till the death of Camoens.

Chap. IV. Geographical; with four sections: § 1. Preliminary; § 2. The Voyage of Da Gama; § 3. The Travels and Campaigns of Camoens in the nearer East; and, § 4. In the further East. I make no apology for the length of this topographical essay; the subject has been much neglected by modern commentators.

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Chap. V. Annotative. I have here placed explicatory and philological details which illustrate the ten Cantos, concluding with three tables borrowed from various sources. No. 1. Editions of the works of Camoens; § 2. Tables of Translations of the works, especially The Lusiads; and, § 3. Contents of The Lusiads, which may serve as an index of subjects.

In conclusion, I have to thank MESSRS. WYMAN for the care and trouble they have taken in printing the Translation.

TRIESTE, *July* 10, 1880.

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ERRATA.

Page	*line*	*for*	*read*
xii	15	full stop	colon after "point":
19	note	Now	Here
38	6	for—that.....	for-that (hyphen, not dash).
40	8	affordeth.	affordeth !
63	2	hate	bate.
64	8	Melisodanian	Melindanian
69	note	Monday, April 5	Sunday, April 15,
71	9	the Olympus	Olympus
,,	16	she Wanderer's ...	the Wanderer's
77	12	galore	galore.
80	3	To thee	In thee
90	note	Erzgebrige	Erzgebirge.
105	11	Leïria	Leiría
113	21	fast	close
,,	23	fast	forth
134	3	Alcmena.....	Alcmené
140	20	Astyánax	Astyanax
144	12	scorn	scorn?
179	14	thousand	hundred
194	note	Almeido	Almeida
215	19	Mombasah.....	Melindé
244	5	deign	fain
245	6	dreadful	fearful
,,	8	El'ements	Elements
275	22	sweet	sweat
290	21	Who have we ...	Whom, etc.
304	1	must	most
309	7	rude	nude
320	11	Diego	Diogo
331	23	New	new
345	22	The.....	the
358	15	rights	riches
364	19	courses	course
382	7	for	far
399	2	Jaqueta	Jaqueté
404	16	adult'erous	th' accursèd
423	14	when, where	where, when

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Os Lusiadas
(The Lusiads).

CANTO I.

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ARGUMENT

OF THE FIRST CANTO.

THE Portugueze navigate the Eastern Seas: The Gods hold their Council: Bacchus opposeth himself to this navigation: Venus and Mars favour the navigators: They arrive at Mozambique, the Governor whereof attempteth to destroy them: Encounter and first military Action of our People with the Gentiles: They weigh anchor; and, passing Quiloa, they ride in the roadstead of Mombasah.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Fazem Concilio os deoses na alta Côrte,
Oppoem-se Baccho á Lusitana gente,
Favorece-a Venus, e Mavorte,
E em Moçambique lança o ferreo dente:
Depois de aqui mostrar seu braço forte,
Destruindo, e matando juntamente,
Torna as partes buscar da roxa Aurora,
E chegando a Mombaça surge fora.

The Gods hold council Heaven's high court within, (20—41)
Bacchus our Lusian braves to thwart doth seek
Who meed of Mars, and grace of Venus gain, } (73—81)
Till cast the ferreous tooth in Mozambique:
Thence, when their arm of pow'r display'd had been,
Death and destruction on the foe to wreak; } (85)
Fareth the fleet where red Aurora bideth;
And, reach'd Mombasah-town, outside it rideth. (103)

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CANTO I.

THE feats of Arms, and famed heroick Host, 1
from occidental Lusitanian strand,
who o'er the waters ne'er by seaman crost,
farèd beyond the Taprobáne-land,[1]
forceful in perils and in battle-post,
with more than promised force of mortal hand;
and in the regions of a distant race
rear'd a new throne so haught in Pride of Place:

And, eke, the Kings of mem'ory grand and glorious, 2
who hied them Holy Faith and Reign to spread,
converting, conquering, and in lands notorious,
Africk and Asia, devastation made;
nor less the Lieges who by deeds memorious
brake from the doom that binds the vulgar dead;
my song would sound o'er Earth's extremest part
were mine the genius, mine the Poet's art.

[1] Ceylon.

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Cease the sage Grecian, and the Man of Troy 3
to vaunt long Voyage made in bygone day:
Cease Alexander, Trajan cease to 'joy
the fame of vict'ories that have pass'd away:
The noble Lusian's stouter breast sing I,
whom Mars and Neptune dared not disobey:
Cease all that antique Muse hath sung, for now
a better Brav'ry rears its bolder brow.

And you, my Tagian Nymphs,[1] who have create 4
in me new purpose with new genius firing;
if 't was my joy whilere to celebrate
your founts and stream my humble song inspiring;[2]
Oh! lend me here a noble strain elate,
a style grandiloquent that flows untiring;
so shall Apollo for your waves ordain ye
in name and fame ne'er envy Hippokréné.

Grant me sonorous accents, fire-abounding, 5
now serves ne peasant's pipe, ne rustick reed;
but blast of trumpet, long and loud resounding,
that 'flameth heart and hue to fiery deed:
Grant me high strains to suit their Gestes astounding,
your Sons, who aided Mars in martial need;
that o'er the world be sung the glorious song,
if theme so lofty may to verse belong.

[1] The "Tagides" are the Poet's Muses.
[2] Alluding to Eclogues, Pastorals, etc.

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And Thou ! O goodly omen'd trust, all-dear[1] 6
to Lusitania's olden liberty,
whereon assurèd esperance we rear
enforced to see our frail Christianity :
Thou, O new terror to the Moorish spear,
the fated marvel of our century,
to govern worlds of men by God so given,
that the world's best be given to God and Heaven :

Thou young, thou tender, ever-flourishing bough, 7
true scion of tree by CHRIST belovèd more,
than aught that Occident did ever know,
"Cæsarian" or "Most Christian" styled before :
Look on thy 'scutcheon, and behold it show
the present Vict'ory long past ages bore ;
Arms which He gave and made thine own to be
by Him assumèd on the fatal tree :[2]

Thou, mighty Sovran ! o'er whose lofty reign 8
the rising Sun rains earliest smile of light ;
sees it from middle firmamental plain ;
and sights it sinking on the breast of Night :
Thou, whom we hope to hail the blight, the bane
of the dishonour'd Ishmaëlitish knight ;
and Orient Turk, and Gentoo-misbeliever
that drinks the liquor of the Sacred River :[3]

[1] Invocation to Dom Sebastiam.
[2] The Arms of Portugal (Canto III. 53, 54).
[3] The Ganges (not the Jordan).

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Incline awhile, I pray, that majesty 9
which in thy tender years I see thus ample,
E'en now prefiguring full maturity
that shall be shrin'd in Fame's eternal temple:
Those royal eyne that beam benignity
bend on low earth: Behold a new ensample
of hero hearts with patriot pride inflamèd,
in number'd verses manifold proclaimèd.

Thou shalt see Love of Land that ne'er shall own 10
lust of vile lucre; soaring towards th' Eternal:
For 't is no light ambition to be known
th' acclaimèd herald of my nest paternal.
Hear; thou shalt see the great names greater grown
of Vavasors who hail thee Lord Supernal:
So shalt thou judge which were the higher station,
King of the world or Lord of such a nation.

Hark; for with vauntings vain thou shalt not view 11
phantastical, fictitious, lying deed
of lieges lauded, as strange Muses do,
seeking their fond and foolish pride to feed:
Thine acts so forceful are, told simply true,
all fabled, dreamy feats they far exceed;
exceeding Rodomont, and Ruggiero vain,
and Roland[1] haply born of Poet's brain.

[1] Ariosto, i. 2, etc.

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For these I give thee a Nuno, fierce in fight, 12
who for his King and Country freely bled;
an Egas and a Fuas;[1] fain I might
for them my lay with harp Homeric wed!
For the twelve peerless Peers again I cite
the Twelve of England by Magriço led:
Nay, more, I give thee Gama's noble name,
who for himself claims all Æneas' fame.

And if in change for royal Charles of France, 13
or rivalling Cæsar's mem'ories thou wouldst trow,
the first Afonso see, whose conque'ring lance
lays highest boast of stranger glories low:
See him who left his realm th' inheritance
fair Safety, born of wars that crusht the foe:
That other John, a knight no fear deter'd,
the fourth and fifth Afonso, and the third.

Nor shall they silent in my song remain, 14
they who in regions there where Dawns arise,
by Acts of Arms such glories toil'd to gain,
where thine unvanquisht flag for ever flies,
Pacheco, brave of braves; th' Almeidas twain,
whom Tagus mourns with ever-weeping eyes;
dread Albuquerque, Castro stark and brave,
with more, the victors of the very grave.

[1] For the "Great Constable," Egas and Fuas, see Cantos IV. 23, and VIII. 13, 17.

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But, singing these, of thee I may not sing, 15
O King sublime ! such theme I fain must fear.
Take of thy reign the reins, so shall my King
create a poesy new to mortal ear :
E'en now the mighty burthen hear I ring
(and speed its terrors over all the sphere !)
of sing'ular prowess, War's own prodigies,
in Africk regions and on Orient seas.

Casteth on thee the Moor eyne cold with fright, 16
in whom his coming doom he views designèd :
The barb'rous Gentoo, sole to see thy sight
yields to thy yoke the neck e'en now inclinèd ;
Tethys, of azure seas the sovran right,
her realm, in dowry hath to thee resignèd ;
and, by thy noble tender beauty won,
would bribe and buy thee to become her son.

In thee from high Olympick halls behold 17
themselves, thy grandsires' sprites ; far-famèd pair ;[1]
this clad in Peacetide's angel-robe of gold,
that crimson-hued with paint of battle-glare :
By thee they hope to see their tale twice told,
their lofty memo'ries live again ; and there,
when Time thy years shall end, for thee they 'sign
a seat where soareth Fame's eternal shrine.

[1] D. Joam III. and the Emperor Charles Quint.

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But, sithence antient Time slow minutes by 18
ere ruled the Peoples who desire such boon ;
bend on my novel rashness favouring eye.
that these my verses may become thine own :
So shalt thou see thine Argonauts o'erfly
yon salty argent, when they see it shown
thou seest their labours on the raging sea :
Learn even now invok'd of man to be.[1]

They walked the water's vasty breadth of blue, 19
parting the restless billows on their way ;
fair favouring breezes breathèd soft and true,
the bellying canvas bulging in their play :
The seas were sprent with foam of creamy hue,
flashing where'er the Prows wide open lay
the sacred spaces of that ocean-plain
where Proteus' cattle cleave his own domain :

When they who hold Olympick luminous height, 20
the Gods and Governors of our human race,
convened in glorious conclave, all unite
the coming course of Eastern things to trace :
Treading the glassy dome of lovely light,
along the Milky Way conjoint they pace,
gather'd together at the Thunderer's hest,
and by old Atlas' gentle grandson prest.

[1] End of exordium : narrative begins.

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They leave the reg'iment of the Firm'aments seven, 21
to them committed by his high command,
his pow'r sublime whose thoughtful will hath given
Order to skies, and angry seas, and land:
Then instant gather in th' assize of Heaven
those who are throned on far Arcturus' strand,
and those that Auster rule, and Orient tides,
where springs Aurora and clear Phœbus hides.

Reposèd there the Sire sublime and digne, 22
vibrates whose hand the fierce Vulcanian ray,
on seat of starry splendour crystalline,
grand in his lofty gest of sovran sway:
Respirèd from his brow such air divine,
that to divine could change dull human clay;
bearing the crown and sceptre rutilant,
of clearer stone than clearest diamant.

On sparkling seats, with marquetry inlaid 23
of gold and pearl-work, sat in lower state
the minor Godheads, marshall'd and array'd,
e'en as demanded reason, rank, and rate:
Highest the seniors of most honour'd grade;
lower adown the lower Deities sate:
When thus high Jove the deathless throng addrest
with awful accents, dealing gravest hest:—

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" Immortal Peoples of the starlit Pole, 24
whose seats adorn this constellated sphere ;
if the stout Race of valour-breathing soul
from Lusus springing still to thought be dear,
Your high Intelligences lief unroll
the writ of mighty Fate : her will is clear,
this Deed to cold Oblivion's shade shall doom
the fame of Persia, 'Assyria, Greece, and Rome.

" To them 't was erst, and well you wot it, given, 25
albeit a Pow'r so single, simple, small,
to see the doughty Moor from 'trenchments driven
where gentle Tagus feeds and floods the vale :
Then with the dreadful Spaniard have they striven,
by boon of Heav'n serene ne'er known to fail ;
and urged their fortune's ever-glorious claim
to victor-trophies hung in fane of Fame.

" Godheads ! I leave that antique fame unsaid, 26
reft from the race of Romulus their foes ;
when, by their warrior Viriátus led,
so high in Roman wars their names arose :
Eke leave I mem'ries which to meritèd
Honour obligèd when for chief they chose
that perfect Captain, erst a peregrine foe,
who feign'd a Dæmon in his milk-white Doe.[1]

[1] Sertorius.

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"Now well you see how steel'd their souls to steer 27
a fragile barque through dubious wat'ery way,
by paths unused, and holding nought in fear
Notus and Afer's force, wax bolder they:
How whilom ev'ry region left arear,
where suns or shorten or draw long the day,
on wings of stubborn will these men be borne
to sight the cradles of the nascent Morn.

"Promised them Fate's eternal covenant, 28
whose high commandments none shall dare despise,
for years full many they shall rule th' extent
of seas that see the ruddy suns arise.
On wavy wastes hard winter have they spent;
o'erworked they come by travailing emprize;
't were meet we show them, thus it seemeth me,
the fair new region which they fain would see.

"And as their valour, so you trow, defied 29
on aspe'rous voyage cruel harm and sore,
so many changing skies their manhood tried,
such climes where storm-winds blow and billows roar;
my sov'ereign mandate 't is, be theirs to ride
in friendly haven, on the Blackmoor shore;
whence shall the weary Fleet, with ev'ery need
garnisht, once more her long-drawn voyage speed."

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Thus hearing Jupiter's decree pronouncèd, 30
each God responsive spoke, in order due,
contrasting judgment one and all announcèd
giving and taking various divers view.
But Father Bacchus then and there renouncèd,
homage to Jove's command, who right well knew
his deeds on Orient-lond would leave no trace,
were furth'erance granted to the Lusian race.

The Fatal Sisters he had heard declare, 31
how from Hispanian bounds a hero-band
should span the pathless deep, and nought should spare
wherever Doris batheth Indian strand:
Should with new victo'ries eve'ry deed out-dare
done or by his or other stranger hand:
Profound he sorrows lest he lose the glory,
the name still cel'ebrate in the Nyssan story.

He sees, while Indus he of yore hath tamèd, 32
Fortune or favou'ring chance had aye denied
to hear him India's conqueror acclaimèd
by bardic men who drain Parnassus' tide:
And now he dreadeth lest a name so famèd
be doomed for ever in the mire to hide
of Lethe-fountain, if on Inde debark
these vagueing Portingalls so strong and stark.

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But him opposèd Venus, lovely fair, 33
whose heart her Lusian sons had won the more,
since in them seen the qual'ities high and rare,
the gifts that deckt her Romans dear of yore:
The heart of valour, and the potent star,
whose splendour dazzled Tingitánan shore;
and e'en the musick of their speech appears
soft bastard Latin to her loving ears.

These causes movèd Cytheréa's sprite; 34
and more when learnt she that the Fates intendèd
the Queen of Beauty should be glorious hight
where'er their warrior sway her sons extendèd.
Thus He, who fearèd future stain and blight,
and She, whose heart to honours high pretended
urge the debate in obstinate strife remaining;
with fav'ouring friends each rival right maintaining:

As the fierce South, or Boreas in the shade 35
of sylvan upland where the tree-boles cluster,
the branches shatt'ering crash through glooming glade
with horrid hurry and infuriate fluster:
Roars all the mountain, Echo moans in dread;
torn is the leaf'ery, hill-heads boil and bluster:
Such gusty tumults rise amid the Gods
within Olympus' consecrate abodes.

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But Mars, for ever wont t' espouse the part 36
of his dear Goddess, whatsoe'er the case;
or for old love that flicker'd in his heart,
or for the merits of her fighting race;
forth from the Gods upsprang with sudden start:
Stern melancholy markt his gest and face;
the pond'erous pavoise from his gorget hung
behind his shoulders full of wrath he flung:

His beavoir'd helmet of the diamant stone 37
opeing a little, of his strength right sure,
his sense to speak he strode and stood alone
Jupiter facing, armèd, dour and dure:
Then with hard pen'etrant blow he bore adown
his steely spear-heel on the pavement pure;
quakèd the welkin; and Apollo's ray
waxt somewhat wan as though by cold dismay.

And thus:—"Omnipo'tent Sire! whose awful reign 38
perforce obeyeth all thy pow'er hath made;
if these, who seek a new half-world to gain,
whose deeds of brav'ery hast with love survey'd,
thou wouldst not guerdon with a shame and stain,
that erst were favoured through the years that fade
listen no longer thou, sole Judge direct,
to glozing reasons all we Gods suspect:

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" For, did not Reason in this matter show 39
herself the victim of unmeasure'd fear,
better beseems it Bacchus love bestow
on Lusus' children, once his comrade dear :
But, let this vain and splen'etick purpose go,
since bred of evil stomach ; for 't is clear
that alien envy ne'er shall turn to woes
what weal men merit, and the Gods dispose.

" And thou, O Sire of surest constancy ! 40
from the determine'd purpose of thy mind
turn thee not backwards ; weakness 't were in thee
now to desist thee from the thing design'd.
Send forth thine agile herald, Mercury,
fleeter than trimmèd shaft, or winnowing wind,
and show some happy hythe where Rest shall joy
all weary breasts with news of India nigh."

As thus he said, the Sire of sov'ereign might 41
assented, nodding grave his awful head
to Mars' opinion, ever fain of fight,
and o'er the Council show'ers of nectar shed.
The Galaxy, the pathway glowing bright,
the Deities all disparting rose to tread ;
royal obeisance making, and the road
each took returning to his own abode.

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While thus it happens in th' æthereal reign,— 42
Omnipotent Olympick height serene,—
the warrior People cut the curvèd main
Austral and Oriental course between ;
where fronts the face of Æthiopick plain
far-famed Saint Lawrence Isle[1]; Sol's brightest sheen
upon the water-deities rainèd fire,
who, changed to fishes, 'scaped Typhœus' ire.

The wafting winds so winsome urged their way, 43
As though the smiling heav'ens dear friends defended;
serene the welkin, and the lucid day
dawn'ed sans a cloud nor aught of risk portended :
Astern the leek-green point of Prasum[2] lay
an olden name where Æthiop coast extended ;
when Ocean op'ening broad a vista show'd
of islets fondled by the circling flood.

Vasco da Gama, valiant Capitayne, 44
for derring-do the noblest volunteer,
of not'able courage and of noble strain,
whom smile of constant Fortune loved to cheer ;
seeth no reason why he should remain
where shows the shore-line desert, dark and drear :
Once more determined he to tempt the sea ;
but as he willèd Fortune nill'ed it be.

[1] Madagascar.
[2] Now Cabo-das-Correntes.

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For look! appeareth a flotilla yonder, 45
mosquito-craft that cleave the rolling tide;
and with their flowing sails the surges sunder,
from the small island next the cont'inent side:
The crews rejoicing, in their hope and wonder
could gaze on naught save what their hearts had joy'd.
"Who may be these?" each ask'ed him in amaze;
"What law be theirs, what ruler, what their ways?"

The boats appearèd in a manner new 46
long-built and narrow-beamed, for swiftness plan'd;
mats were the wings wherewith they lightly flew
from certain palm-fronds wove by cunning hand:
The people wore that veritable hue,
Phaëton's boon to many a burning land,
when work'ed his rashness on the world such ills:
So Padus knows and Lampethusa feels.

They come costumèd all in cotton gear, 47
of hues contrasting, stripèd, chequed, and white;
one zone-girt cloth around the waist they wear,
other they throw on back in airy plight:
Above the waist-band each brown form is bare;
dag-targe and matchet[1] are their arms of fight:
Scull-cap on head; and, as they wend their way,
shriek shrilly shawms, and harsh-voiced trumpets bray.

[1] African daggers and short swords.

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Waving their raiment and their hands they signèd 48
the Lusitanian folk to wait awhile :
but our light Prores their course had now inclinèd
to strike where shelter'd by the nearest isle :
Soldiers and sailors in one toil conjoinèd
as though were here the period of their toil :
They take in sail, and strike the lofty spar,
and Ocean, anchor-smit, froths high in air.

Nor had they anchor'd, when the stranger race 49
the shrouds upswarming ready footing gainèd ;
joyous they cluster glad of gest and face ;
our Captain gracious greeting gives unfeignèd.
He bids incontinent the board to grace
with vinous liquor first Lyæus drainèd ;
they crown the chrystal cups, the proffer'd wine
Phaëton's scorchèd folk nowise decline.

Afeasting cheery all the guests enquirèd 50
in Arab language, Whence had come their hosts?
Who were they? Where their land? What they desirèd?
What seas their keels had cut and conn'd what coasts?
The valiant Lusians answered with requirèd
discretion, and eschewing foolish boasts,—
" We are the Occidental Portughuese ;
And, seeking Orient lands, we sail the seas.

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"We now have coasted, running Ocean o'er, 51
Callisto's Arctick and th' Antarctick lands;
our course hath circled Africk's winding shore;
strange skies exploring and yet stranger strands:
Ours is a potent King, loved evermore,
and we so prize his praise and his commands,
with mien right joyful, not the sea and sky,
but even Ach'eron Lake we dare defy.

"And wend we seeking by his royal will 52
where farthest Indus wat'ereth Eastern plain:
For him through wild wide waves we hoist the sail,
where ugly seals and orcs deform the Main.
But Reason tells us that ye may not fail
to answer, an of Truth your souls be fain,
Who are ye? What this land wherein ye wone?
And sign of India is to you beknown?"

"We live," an island-man thus answ'ering said, 53
"aliens in land and law and eke in blood;
where native races are by nature bred,
a lawless, loutish, and unreasoning brood.
We hold his certain Law, that Holy Seed,
springing from Abram's loins, who hath subdued
the nations subject to his sign'ory true;
by sire a Gentile and by mother Jew.[1]

[1] Mohammed Rasúl Allah.

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54 "This little island, where we now abide,
of all this seaboard is the one sure place
for ev'ery merchantman that stems the tide,
from Quiloa[1] or Sofálah or Mombas:
Here, as 'tis necessary, long we've tried
to house and home us, like its proper race:
In fine to find you with the facts you seek,
man calls our little island 'Mozambíque.'

55 "And, as far-faring now ye come to view
Indic Hydaspes and his burning board,
hence ye shall bear a Pilot, sure and true,
whose skill the safest guidance shall afford:
'T were also well, ere you your toils renew,
vittaile to ship, and let our island-lord,
who governeth this land, his guests behold,
and stock with needed store each empty hold."

56 His speech thus spake the Moor, and took his leave,
he and his meiny where the bátels lay:
formal farewells to chief and crews he gave,
exchanging congees with due courtesy.
Now weary Phœbus in the western wave
had stalled the chrystal chariot of the Day,
and gave his bright-brow'd sister charge t' illume
the vast of Earth while lasted nightly gloom.

[1] Pronounced Kílwá.

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Aboard the way-worn Fleet blithe sped the night 57
in careless joyaunce recking nought of fear;
for the far land which long had 'scaped their sight
at length gave tidings, and at last lay near.
Now to take notice 'gins each curious wight
of the strange people's manners, ways, and gear,
and much they marvell'ed how the sect misguided
o'er Earth's broad surface far and wide abided.

Rained Luna's radiance shedding rutilant showers 58
o'er Neptune's wavelets tipt with silver sheen:
And like the May-mead fleckt with daisy flowers
sprent with its sparkling stars the sky was seen:
The blust'ring storm-winds slept in distant bowers,
Antres obscure in regions peregrine;
yet on th' Armada's decks a weapon'd guard
kept, as so long they wont, good watch and ward.

But when Aurora with her marquetry 59
'gan strew the glorious honours of her head
o'er the clear Heav'ens, and oped the ruddy way
to bright Hyperion rising from his bed;
lief is the Fleet to dress in brave array
of flags, and goodly awnings gay to spread,
that all may greet with holiday and hail
that island-lord who came with flowing sail.

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He came right merrily o'er the Main, and sought 60
to view our nimble Lusitanian fleet;
bringing his country-cates, for 't was his thought
in the fierce foreigner perchance to meet
the race inhuman, which hath ever fought
to change its Caspian caves for happier seat
in Asian cont'inent; and, by Will Divine,
of rule imperial robbèd Constantine.[1]

With glad reception our Commander meets 61
the Moorish chieftain and his whole convóy;
whom with a gift of richest gear he greets
whereof a store was shipped for such employ:
He gives him rich conserves, he gives, rare treats,
the liquors hot which fill man's heart with joy.
Good be the gifts the Moor contented thinks,
but more the sweetmeats prizes, most the drinks.

The sailor-people sprung from Lusus' blood 62
in wond'ering clusters to the ratlines clung;
noting the stranger's novel mode and mood
with his so barb'arous and perplexèd tongue.[2]
Sometime the wily Moor confusèd stood
eyeing the garb, the hue, the fleet, the throng;
and asked, with questions manifold assailing,
if they from Turkey-land, perchance, were hailing.

[1] Palæologus, A.D. 1453.
[2] Arabic.

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He further tells them how he longs to see 63
what books their credence, law and faith contain;
if these conforming with his own agree
or were, as well he ween'd, of Christian grain:
Nay more, that hidden naught from him may be,
he prayed the Captain would be pleased t' ordain
that be displayèd every puissant arm
wherewith the for'eigners work their foemen harm.

To this the doughty Chieftain deals reply, 64
through one that óbscure jargon knowing well:—
"Illustrious Signior! I fain will try
all of ourselves, our arms, our creed to tell.
Nor of the country, kith or kin am I
of irksome races that in Turkey dwell;
my home is warlike Europe and I wend
Seeking the far-famed lands of farthest Inde.

"I hold the law of One by worlds obey'd, 65
by visible things and things invisible;
He who the hemispheres from naught hath made,
with sentient things and things insensible:
Who with vitup'erate foul reproach bewray'd
was doomed to suffer death insufferable;
And who, in fine, by Heav'n to Earth was given,
that man through Him might rise from Earth to Heaven.

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"Of this GOD-MAN most highest, infinite, 66
The books thou wouldst behold I have not brought;
we stand excused of bringing what men write
on paper, when in sprite 'tis writ and wrought.
But an with weapons wouldst refresh thy sight,
As thou hast askèd, I deny thee nought;
A friend to friends I show them; and I vow
ne'er wouldst be shown their temper as my foe."

This said, he bids his armourers diligent 67
bring arms and armour for the Moorman viewer:
Come sheeny harness, corselets lucident,
the fine-wove mail-coat and plate-armour sure;
shields decorate with 'scutcheons different,
bullets and spingards, th' ice-brook's temper pure;
bows, quivers furnisht with the grinded pile,
the sharp-edged partizan, the good brown bill:

Brought are the fiery bombs, while they prepare 68
sulph'urous stink-pots and grenades of fire:
But them of Vulcan biddeth he to spare
their dread artill'ery belching flames in ire;
naught did that gentle gen'erous spirit care
with fear the few and fearful folk t' inspire,
and right his reas'oning: 'Twere a boast too cheap
to play the Lyon on the seely Sheep.

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But from whate'er th' observant Moorman heard, 69
and from whate'er his prying glance could see,
a settled deadly hate his spirit stir'd,
and evil crave of treach'erous cowardrie :
No sign of change he showed in gest or word ;
but with a gay and gallant feigning he
vowèd in looks and words to treat them fair,
till deeds his daring purpose could declare.

The Captain prayed him Pilots to purvey, 70
his Squadron far as Indian shore to guide ;
so should with wealthy hire and worthy pay
the labourer's toil and moil be gratified.
Promised the Moorman sorely led astray
by ven'omous heart and with such poyson'd pride,
that Death in place of Pilot, at that hour,
his hand had given an it had the power.

So hot that hatred, sharp that enmity, 71
wherewith his spirit 'gainst his guests was fraught,
that knew them followers of that verity
by the Seed of David to our fathers taught.
Oh darkling secret of Eternity,
whereof man's judgment may encompass naught!
Why should they never lack perfidious foe,
who such fair symbols of Thy friendship show?

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At length, surrounded by his crafty crew, 72
the treachour Moorman from our ships took leave,
on all bestowing bel-accoyle untrue,
with fair, glad phrase designèd to deceive.
Soon o'er the narrow way his barquelets flew;
and, landing safely from Neptunian wave,
the Moorman, whom his suite obsequious greet,
regains his homestead and his wonted seat.

From Æther's radiant seat Thebes' mighty son, 73
The God two-mother'd, sprung from father-thigh,
seeing the Lusian host had straight begun
the Moorman's hate and horror to defy,
fixt ev'ery project some foul feat upon,
by which the stranger host might surely die:
And while the plot his spirit importunèd,
thus in soliloquy the God communèd:—

"Fate hath determinèd in olden time, 74
that conquests, fit the self of Fame t' outface,
these Portingalls shall claim in ev'ery clime
where India rears her war-ennobled race:
Shall only I, the son of sire sublime,
I, whom such gen'erous gifts and guerdons grace,
suffer that favouring Fate success assure
to men whose labours shall my name obscure?

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" Erst willed the Gods,[1] who willed away the right 75
to Philip's son, that o'er this Orient part
he hold such power, and display such might
which bound the world 'neath yoke of angry Mart:
But shall I tamely suffer Fate's despight,
who lends these weaklings pow'er of arm and art,
Macedon's hero, Roman brave and I
before the Lusian name be doomed to fly?

" This must not, shall not be! ere he arrive 76
this froward Captain at his fancied goal,
such cunning machinations I'll contrive
never shall Orient parts his sight console:
And now to Earth! where I will keep alive
the fire of fury in the Moorish soul;
for him shall Fortune with success indue,
who on Occasion keepeth fixèd view."

He spoke infuriate, nay, well-nigh insane, 77
and straight he 'lighted on the Negro shore;
where, mortal gest and human vesture tane,
he made for Prasum Headland famed of yore:
Better to weave his web of wily bane,
he changed his nat'ural shape until it wore
a Moorman's likeness, known in Mozambíque,
a crafty greybeard, favoured of the Shaykh.

[1] The Parcæ.

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78 And, entering him to rede at hour and time
most fitting deemèd for designèd wile,
a tale of pyracy he told and crime,
wrought by the strangers harbour'd in his isle:
How all the res'ident nations maritime
bruited reports of battle, death, and spoil,
at ev'ery haven, where the for'eigner past
who with false pacts of peace his anchors cast.

79 "And, know thou further" (quoth the Moor) "'tis said,
anent these Christian knaves sanguinolent,
that, so to speak, they garred the waves run red
scathing with fire and steel where'er they went:
Far-framèd plottings, certès, have been laid
against ourselves, for 'tis their whole intent
our homes to rifle, to destroy our lives,
enchain our children and enslave our wives.

80 "I also learnèd how determined be
forthwith for wat'ering to'ward the land to steer,
this Captain, with a doughty company;
for evil purpose ever 'getteth fear.
Go, too, and take thy men-at-arms with thee,
waiting him silent in well-ambusht rear;
so shall his People, landing unawares
fall ready victims to thy ruse and snares.

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"And, even should they by this not'able feat 81
fail to be scatter'd, shatter'd, wholly slain,
I have imaginèd a rare conceit
of marv'ellous cunning which thy heart shall gain:
A pilot bid be brought of wily wit
nor less astute to lay the skilful train,
who shall the stranger lead where bane and bale,
loss, death, destruction wait on every sail."

These words of wisdom hardly had he stay'd, 82
when the Moor-chieftain, old in fraud and wise,
fell on his bosom and full glad obey'd,
such counsel finding favour in his eyes:
Then instant faring forth he ready made
for the base warfare bellicose supplies;
so might the Lusians see, when gained the shore,
the wisht-for waters turned to crimson gore.

And, eke, he seeketh, such deceit to speed, 83
a Moslem Loadsman who the prows shall guide,
shrewd, subtle villain, prompt to wicked deed,
whereon for dangerous feat he most relied:
Him he commands the Lusitan to lead,
and with him hug such coasts and stem such tide,
that e'en escaping present dangers all
he further wend, and whence none rise shall fall.

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Already lit Apollo's morning ray 84
the Nabathæan mounts with rosy light,
when dight was Gama and his stout array
by sea for wat'ering on the land t' alight:
Their boats the soldiers armed for fight and fray
as though they scented tricks of Moslem spite:
Here was suspicion easy, for the wise
bear a presaging heart that never lies.

Further, the messenger who went ashore 85
to claim the promise of the needful guide,
heard tone of battle when replied the Moor,
though none had deemèd he had thus replied.
Wherefore, and recking 'right how sore their stowre
who in perfidious enemy confide,
he fared forearm'd, forewarn'd, and risking nought,
in his three launches,—all the boats he brought.

But now the Moormen, stalking o'er the strand 86
to guard the wat'ery stores the strangers need;
this, targe on arm and assegai in hand,
that, with his bended bow, and venom'd reed,
wait till the warlike People leap to land:
Far stronger forces are in ambush hid;
and, that the venture may the lighter seem
a few decoys patrol about the stream.

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Along the snow-white sandy marge advance 87
the bellic Moors who beck their coming foes;
they shake the shield and poise the per'ilous lance,
daring the warrior Portughuese to close.
The gen'erous People with impatient glance
the ban-dogs eye who dare their fangs expose:
They spring ashore so deftly no man durst
say who the soldier that touch'ed land the first.

As in the gory ring some gallant gay, 88
on his fair ladye-love with firm-fixt eyes,
seeketh the furious bull and bars the way,
bounds, runs, and whistles; becks and shouts and cries:
The cruel monster sans a thought's delay,
low'ering its hornèd front, in fury flies
with eyne fast closed; and, roaring horrid sound,
throws, gores, and leaves him lifeless on the ground:

Lo! from the launches sudden flash the lights 89
of fierce artill'ery with infuriate blare;
the leaden bullet kills, the thunder frights,
and hissing echoes cleave the shrinking air:
Now break the Moormen's hearts and haughty sprites,
whose blood cold curdleth with a ghastly fear:
The skulking coward flies his life to save,
and dies to Death exposed the daring brave.

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Withal the Portingalls are not content; 90
fierce Vict'ory urging on, they smite and slay:
The wall-less, undefended settlement
they shell and burn and make an easy prey.
The Moors their raid and razzia sore repent,
who lookt for vict'ory won in cheaper way:
Now they blaspheme the battle, cursing wild
th' old meddling fool, and her that bare such child.

Still, in his flight, the Moorman draweth bow, 91
but forceless, frighted, flurried by alarms,
showers of ashlar, sticks, and stones they throw;
their madding fury 'ministereth arms:
Now from their islet-homesteads flocking row
toward the mainland, trembling terr'ified swarms:
They pass apace and cut the narrow Sound,
The thin sea-arm, which runs their islet round.[1]

These ply the deeply-laden almadie,[2] 92
those cut the waves and dil'igent swim the Main;
some choke 'neath bending surge of surfy sea,
some drink the brine, out-puffing it again.
The crank canoes, wherein the vermin flee,
are torn by smaller bombards' fiery rain.
Thuswise, in fine, the Portingalls chastise
their vile, malicious, treach'erous enemies.

[1] Camoens had studied the ground.
[2] Arab. for canoe.

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Now to the squadron, when the day was won, 93
rich with their warlike spoils the Braves retire,
and ship at leisure water all their own,
none meet offence where none t' offend desire.
The Moors heart-broken vainly make their moan,
old hatreds 'flaming with renewèd fire ;
and, hopeless to revenge such foul defeat,
nourish the fairest hopes of fresh deceit.

To proffer truce repentant gives command 94
the Moor who ruleth that iniqu'ous shore ;
nor do the Lusitanians understand
that in fair guise of Peace he proffers War :
For the false Pilot sent to show the land
who ev'ry evil will embosom'd bore,
only to guide them deathwards had been sent ;—
such was the signal of what peace was meant.

The Capitayne who now once more incline'd 95
on wonted way and 'custom'd course to hie,
fair weather fav'ouring with propitious wind,
and wend where India's long-wisht regions lie ;
received the Helmsman for his ill design'd
(who greeted was with joyous courtesy ;)
and, giv'en his answer to the messenger,
in the free gale shakes out his sailing gear.

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96 Dismist by such device the gallant Fleet
divideth Amphitritè's wavy way;
the Maids of Nereus troop its course to greet,
faithful companions, debonnair and gay:
The Captain, noways doubting the deceit
planned by the Moorman to secure his prey,
questions him largely, learning all he knows
of gen'eral Inde and what each seaboard shows.

97 But the false Moorman, skilled in all the snares
which baleful Bacchus taught for such emprize,
new loss by death or prison-life prepares,
ere India's seaboard glad their straining eyes:
The hythes of India dil'igent he declares,
to frequent queries off'ring fit replies:
For, holding faithful all their pilot said
the gallant People were of nought afraid.

98 And eke he telleth, with that false intent,
whereby fell Sinon baulked the Phrygian race
of a near-lying isle, that aye had lent
to Christian dwellers safest dwelling-place.
Our Chief, of tidings fain, gave due attent
of ear so gladly to these words of grace,
that with the richest gifts he bade the Guide
lead him to regions where such men abide.

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E'en so that losel Moorman had designèd, 99
as the confiding Christian begged and bade;
knowing his islet was of old assignèd
to the malignant sons of Mafamed:
Here he foresees deceit with death combinèd,
for—that in pow'r and force the place outweigh'd
weaker Mozámbic; and that islet's name
is Quiloa bruited by the blast of Fame.

Thither th' exulting Squadron lief would steer: 100
but the fair god Cythéra loves to greet,
seeing its certain courses changed to near
the coasts where Doom of Death awaits defeat,
nills that the people, loved with love so dear,
such dreadful fates on shore so distant meet;
and, raising adverse gales, she drives them wide
from the foul goal where guides that felon guide.

Now when the caitiff Moor could not but know 101
that in this matter useless was his guile,
seeking to deal another dev'ilish blow,
and still persistent in his purpose vile,
he urgeth, since the winds' and currents' flow
had borne them on parforce full many a mile,
they near another island, and its race
Christian and Moor hold common dwelling-place.

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Here too with every word the liar lied, 102
as by his reg'iment he in fine was bound ;
for none who CHRIST adore could there abide,
only the hounds who worship false Mahound.
The Captain trustful to his Moorish guide,
veering the sails was making for the Sound :
But, as his guardian Goddess leave denieth,
he shuns the river-bar, and outside lieth.

So near that Islet lay along the land, 103
nought save a narrow channel stood atween ;
and rose a City thronèd on the strand,
which from the margent of the seas was seen ;
fair-built with lordly buildings tall and grand,
as from its offing showèd all its sheen :
Here ruled a monarch for long years high famèd ;
Islet and City are Mombasah namèd.[1]

And when the Captain made that happy shore, 104
with strangest joyaunce, in the hope to view
baptizèd peoples, and to greet once more
dear Christian men, as sware his guide untrue ;
lo ! boats come bearing, the blue waters o'er
their King's good greeting who the stranger knew :
For long had Bacchus of th' event advisèd,
in other Moorman's shape and form disguisèd.

[1] A perfect sketch.

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Friendly the message which the foemen brought, 105
beneath whose surface covered venom lay;
for deadly hostile was their ev'ry thought
and soon the hidden fraud uncover'd they.
Oh dreadful dangers with destruction fraught!
Oh line of life-tide, never certain way!
where'er his dearest hope poor mortal hoardeth,
such scant security life e'er affordeth.

By sea such tempests, such sore injury, 106
with Death so often showing near and sure!
By land such warfare, such foul treachery,
so much of curst necessities t' endure!
Ah! where shall weary man take sanctuary,
where live his little span of life secure?
and 'scape of Heav'n serene th' indignant storms
that launch their thunders at us earthen worms?

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CANTO II.

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ARGUMENT

OF THE SECOND CANTO.

INSTIGATED by the Demon, the King of Mombasah aimeth at destroying the Navigators: He plotteth treason against them under the fiction of friendship: Venus appeareth to Jupiter, and intercedeth for the Portugueze: He promiseth her to favour them and prophetically relateth some feats which they shall perform in the East: Mercury discloseth himself to the Gama in a dream, and warneth him to shun the dangers of Mombasah: They weigh anchor and reach Melinde, whose King receiveth the Captain with favour and hospitality.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Dar El Rei de Mombaça o fim prepara
Ao Gama illustre, com mortal engano:
Desce Venus ao mar, a frota empara,
E a fallar sobe ao Padre soberano:
Jove os casos futuros lhe declara:
Apparece Mercurio ao Lusitano:
Chega a frota a Melinde, e o Rei potente
Em seu porto a recebe alegremente.

Mombasah's King untimely end hath laid For famous Gama by his fell deceit:	(1—17)
Descending seawards, Venus saves th' Armade,	(18—32)
and fares on high her sovran Sire to greet,	(33—43)
She learns our future lot by Jove's good aid:	(44—55)
appeareth Mercury to Lusus' fleet,	(56—71)
It makes Melindé, where a potent Chief within his harbour lendeth glad relief.	(72—end)

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CANTO II.

'Twas now the period when the Planet bright, 1
whose race distinguisheth the hours of day,
did at his longed-for, tardy goal alight,
veiling from human eyne his heav'enly ray;
and of his Ocean-home, deep hid from sight,
the God of Night-tide oped the portal-way;
when the false crafty folk came flocking round
the ships, whose anchors scarce had bit the ground.

'Mid them a villain, who had undertane 2
the task of deadly damage, spake aloud:—
"O val'orous Captain, who hast cut the reign
of Neptune, and his salty plain hast plow'd,
the King who governeth this island, fain
to greet thy coming, is so pleased and proud,
he wisheth nothing save to be thy host,
to see thee, and supply what need ye most.

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" And, as he burneth, with extreme desire, 3
so famed a pers'onage to behold and greet,
he prays suspicion may no fear inspire ;
but cross the bar-line, thou and all thy Fleet ;
And, sith by voyage long men greatly tire,
thy gallant crew by travel-toil is beat,
he bids thee welcome to refit on land
as, cèrtes, Nature must such rest command.

" And if thou wendest seeking merchandise 4
got in the golden womb of the Levant,
Cinnamon, cloves, and biting spiceries,
health-dealing drug, or rare and excellent plant ;
or, if thou lust for sparkling stones of price,
the Ruby fine, the rigid Diamant,
hence shall thou bear such full, abundant store,
that e'en thy Fancy shall affect no more."

Unto the Herald straight our Chief replieth, 5
grateful acknowledging the Royal hest ;
and saith, that seeing Sol now seawards hieth
he may not enter as becomes a guest :
But, when returning light shall show where lieth
the way sans danger, with a fearless breast,
the Royal orders he will list fulfil,
a Lord so gracious hath claim higher still.

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He questions further, an the land contain 6
christenèd Peoples, as the Pilot sware:
The cunning Herald who ne'er speaks in vain
voucheth that Christian men dwell mostly there.
Thus doth he banish from our Captain's brain
the cautious phantasies of doubt and fear:
Wherefore the Gama straightways 'gan to place
Faith in that faithless unbeliever-race.[1]

And, as condemnèd felons he had brought, 7
convíct of mortal crime and shameful deed,
who might in sim'ilar cases danger-fraught
be ventured where the common weal had need;
a twain of wily, well-tried wits he sought,
bade them the Moorman's craft and trick'eries heed,
go spy the City's power, and seek to see
whether desirèd Christians there may be.

Fair gifts he gave them for the Royal hand, 8
to quit the goodly will the greeting show'd,
by him held sure and firm and clear and bland,
whereas 'twas cleanly of a cont'rary mode.
Now all the rout perfidious and nefand,
quitting the Squadron o'er the waters row'd:
With gladsome, joyous gestures, all deceit,
The pair of shipmates on the shore they greet.

[1] Moslems.

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And when in presence of the King convey'd, 9
the gifts they gave, and message did present,
far less they witness'd, as 'bout town they stray'd,
than what they wanted on their work intent;
the shrewd sagacious Moors pretences made
to veil from sight what they to see were sent;
for where reigns Malice there we ever find
the fear of Malice in a neighbour's mind.

But He,[1] for ever fair, for ever young 10
in form and feature, born of mothers twain
by wondrous birth-rite; and whose wilful tongue
would work the Navigators' ban and bane—
dwelt in a house the City-folk among,
of form and vestment human; who did feign
to be a Christian priest, and here had raisèd
a sumptuous altar where he prayed and praisèd.

There had he limnèd, figuring aright 11
the Holy Ghost's high heavenly portraiture;
hover'd a Dove, in snowy plume bedight,
o'er the sole Phœnix, Mary, Virgin pure:
The Saintly Company was shown to sight,
the Dozen, in that sore discomfiture,
as when, taught only by the Tongues that burnt
with lambent fire, man's varied tongues they learnt.

[1] The "puer æternus," "Deus bi-mater."

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Thither conducted either Comrade went, 12
where hateful Bacchus stood in lies array'd ;
and rose their spirits, while their knees were bent
before the God who sways the worlds He made.
The perfumed incense by Panchaia sent,
fuming its richest scent, o' th' altar laid
Thyóne's Son ; and now they view, forsooth,
the god of Lies adore the God of Truth.

Here was receiv'ed, for kindly rest at night, 13
with ev'ery mode of good and trusty greeting,
the twain of Christians, who misween'd the rite,
th' unholy show of holy counterfeiting.
But soon as Sol returning rained his light
on sombre Earth, and in one instant fleeting
forth from the ruddy-dyed horizon came
the Spouse Tithonian with her front aflame :

Return the Moormen bearing from the land 14
the Royal licence, with the Christian pair,
that disembarkèd by our Chief's command,
for whom the King feign'ed honest friendship fair :
The Portingall, assured no plot was plan'd,
and seeing scanty fear of scathe or snare
when Christian peoples in the place abode,
to stem the salty river straightway stood.

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Advisèd him the scouts dispatcht ashore 15
that holy clerk and altars met their sight;
and how receivèd them the friendly Moor
while Night's cloud-shadowèd mantle cloaked the light;
Nay, that both Lord and Liege no feeling bore,
save what in kindness took a dear delight,
for, certès, nothing told of doubt or fear,
where proofs of friendship showèd sure and clear.

Whereon the noble Gama hied to greet 16
gladly the Moors that up the bulwarks plied;
for lightly trusteth sprite without deceit;
and gallant souls in goodly show confide.
The crafty people on the Flagship meet,
mooring their light canoes along her side:
Merrily trooped they all, because they wot
the wisht-for prizes have become their lot.

The cautious war-men gather on the land 17
arms and 'munitions; that whene'er th' Armade
ride at her anchors near the riv'erine strand
the work of boarding may be readier made:
With deepest treachery the traitors plan'd
for those of Lusus such an ambuscade,
that reckless of the coming doom they pay
the blood-debt dating from Mozámbic Bay.

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Weighed are the biting anchors, rising slow, 18
while 'customed capstan-songs and shouts resound;
only the foresails to the gale they throw
as for the buoyèd bar the Ships are bound:
But Erycína fair, from ev'ry foe
aye glad to guard and guide her Race renown'd,
seen the black ambush big with deadly bane,
flies from the welkin shaft-swift to the Main.

She musters Nereus' maidens fair and blonde, 19
with all the meiny of the sea-blue race;
the Water-princes her commandment own'd,
for the salt Ocean was her natal place:
Then, told the reason why she sought the lond,
with her whole bevy forth she set apace,
to stay the Squadron ere it reach the bourne
whence ne'er a Traveller may to life return.

On, on they hurry, scatt'ring high the spray, 20
and lash with silvern trains the spumy White:
Doto's soft bosom breasts the briny way
with hotter pressure than her wonted plight.
Springs Nisé, while Neríne seeks the fray
clearing the crystal wavelets nimble light:
The bending billows open wide a path,
fearing to rouse the hurrying Nereids' wrath.

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Borne on a Triton's shoulders rides in state 21
with fiery gesture, Dionæa fair;
nor feels the bearer that delicious weight,
superb his cargo of such charms to bear:
Now draw they nearer where stiff winds dilate
the bellicose Armada's sailing gear:
They part, and sudden with their troops surround
the lighter vessels in the vayward bound.

Girt by her nymphs the Goddess lays her breast 22
against the Flagship's prow, and others close
the harbour-entrance; such their sudden gest
the breeze through bellied canvas vainly blows:
With tender bosom to tough timber prest
she drives the sturdy ship that sternward goes:
Her circling Nereids raise and urge afar
the threatened victim from the hostile bar.

E'en as to nesty homes the prov'ident Ants, 23
their heavy portion'd burthens haling slow,
drill their small legions, hostile combatants,
'gainst hostile Winter's war of frost and snow:
There are their travails given to their wants,
there puny bodies mighty spirits show:
Not otherwise the Nymphs from fatal end
labour the Portughuezes to defend.

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Their force prevails ; astern the Flagship falleth, 24
'spite all aboard her raising fearful shout ;
boiling with rage the Crew each yardarm hauleth
to port and starboard putting helm about :
Apoop the cunning Master vainly bawleth,
seeing that right toforn upon his route,
uprears a sea-girt rock its awful head,
and present shipwreck fills his soul with dread.

But as loud call and clamour 'gan uprise 25
from the rude sailor toiling hard and keen ;
the Moors are frighted by th' unusèd cries,
as though they sighted Battle's horrid scene.
None know the reason of such hot surprise ;
none know in sim'ilar press whereon to lean ;
they hold their treach'erous felon tricks are known,
and present tortures must their crime atone.

Lo ! with a panick fear themselves they flung 26
in the swift-sailing barklets which they brought :
These high uplifted on the billows hung,
those deep in water diving safety sought :
Sudden from starboard and from port they sprung,
by dread of visionary sights distraught ;
for all would rather tempt the cruel tide,
for none in mercies of their foes confide.

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Of such a fashion in the sylvan Mere 27
the Frogs, a brood of Lycian blood whilòme,
when fall of coming foot perchance they hear,
while all incautious left their wat'ery home,
wake marish-echoes hopping here and there
to 'scape the perils threat'ening death and doom;
and, all ensconcèd in the well-known deep
nought but their small black heads 'bove water peep:

So fly the Moors; the Loadsman who alone 28
the Ships in deadly imm'inent risk had led,
deeming his hateful plans to all beknown,
plunged in the bitter depths and swimming fled.
But as her course had missed the steadfast stone,
where every hope of darling life were dead,
eftsoons our Amm'irall doth her anchor throw,
and, near her, furling sail, the rest come to.

Observant Gama, seen this sudden sight 29
of Moorish strangeness, and surprised to view
his Pilot flying with accusing flight,
divines the plottings of that bestial crew:—
And when ne hindrance showèd, ne the might
of tides that onwards bore, or winds that blew,
yet that his Flagship forged ahead no more,
the Marvel hailing thus he 'gan implore:—

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" Oh Chance, strange, passing strange, that gave no sign ! 30
Oh wondrous Godsend shown so clear, so plain !
Oh fellest treason baffled inopine !
Oh hostile Paynims, false, perfidious strain !
Who of such desp'erate devilish design
by mortal wisdom could escape the bane,
unless there throned in Heav'en the Sovran Guard
to weak humanity strong aid award ?

" Right well hath provèd Providence on high, 31
the scanty safety by these Ports purvey'd :
Right well appearance showeth every eye,
how all our confidence hath been betray'd :
But since Man's wit and wisdom vainly try
to sound these feints and foils so deeply laid,
O Thou, Almighty Guard ! to guard him deign
who sans Thine aid himself would guard in vain !

" And if Thy holy ruth so condescend 32
to save this People peregrine and poor,
who on Thy grace and goodness sole depend,
to force salvation from the false fell Moor ;
vouchsafe, O Lord, our weary course shall end
at some fair Harbour, shelter'd and secure ;
or show the distant shores we pine to see,
since all this sailing is for serving Thee."

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The piteous prayer smote the loving ears 33
of Dionæa fair; her heart was painèd;
she left her Nymphs, all bathed in yearning tears,
who by her sudden flight perplext remainèd:
Now she had thrid the lum'inous planet-spheres,
now the third Heaven's gateway she had gainèd;
on, onward still to the sixth sphere, the throne
where high All-Father sits and reigns alone.

And, as her way affronting, forth she hied, 34
her ev'ry gesture such a grace expirèd,
Stars, Skies and Æther's circumambient tide,
and all that saw her with love-fire were firèd.
Those eyne wherein Dan Cupid aye doth nide,
such vital spirits in all life inspirèd;
the frigid Poles with torrid ardours burnèd,
and spheres of Arctic frost to flame were turnèd.[1]

And with more love to move her Sovereign 35
Sire, who aye lov'd her with a constant will,
herself she shows as to the Trojan swain
she showed of old on Ida's bosky hill.
If her the Hunter who the form of man
lost, seeing Dian in the glassy rill,
had seen, he ne'er had died by rav'ening hound,
erst slain by a sorer and a surer wound.

[1] The five zones of Parmenides.

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Wander'd the crispy threads of wavy gold 36
adown a bosom shaming virgin snow:
Her milk-hued breasts with ev'ry movement roll'd
where Love lay sporting but did nowhere show:
Flames with far-flashing fire the Zone's white fold
wherewith the Boy gar'd ev'ry heart to glow:
while round those columns' polisht curves were climbing
Desires, like ivy parent-trunk entwining.

A filmy Cendal[1] winds around her waist, 37
which del'icate sense conceals by modest veiling;
and yet not all conceal'd, nor all confest,
the veil, red-blushing lilies oft revealing:
With warmer fondness still to 'flame his breast
she woos his sight with secret charms assailing:
Now all Olympus shakes with jealous jars,
rage burneth Vulcan, Love inflameth Mars.

The while her angel-semblance showeth blended 38
with smiles a sadness in the sweetest way;
like some fair Ladye by rude swain offended
incautious rough while playing am'orous play;
who laughs and laughing pouts with wrath pretended
passing withouten pause from grave to gay;
thus she, the Goddess who no rival heedeth,
softer than sad before her Father pleadeth.

[1] Low Lat. Cendalum = thin silk.

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"Aye had I deemèd, mighty Father mine, 39
in whatsoe'er my loving breast preferrèd,
to find thee kind and affable and benign,
e'en though of hostile heart the hate were stirrèd:
But as I see thine ire to me incline,
ire undeserv'ed,—to thee I ne'er have errèd,—
let Bacchus triumph with his wicked will;
while in his weal I sit and wail mine ill.

"This Folk, these Sons of me, for whom I pour 40
the tear that trickleth bootless 'fore thy sight,
whose woe, since wish'd them well, I work the more
when my good wishes but thy wrath excite:
For them I weep, for them thine aid implore,
and thus, in fine, with adverse fate I fight:
But now, because my love ill-fortune bears,
I will to will them ill and weal be theirs.

"Yet thus to perish by that wild-beast race, 41
for I have been"[1] * * * Whereon, all lovely flows
the burning tear-drop beading down her face,
as pearled with rory dew fresh shines the Rose:
Silent awhile, as though her plea for grace
the portals of her teeth list not disclose
she had pursued; but ere a word she said
the potent Thund'erer further plaint forbade:

[1] *Subaudi*, "so hapless."

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And, moved to pity by such gentle powers, 42
pow'ers made to move the heart of Tyger dure,
with beaming smile, as when the sky that lowers
waxeth serene, and clears the lift obscure;
he dries his Daughter's welling tears, and showers
warm kisses on her cheeks and neck snow-pure;
in mode that had the place been lere and lone
a pair of Cupids had Olympus known.

And, face approaching to the face he prizèd, 43
whereat the sobbing tears the faster flow;
e'en as some yeanling by the nurse chastisèd
weepeth caresst with louder feint of woe:
To soothe her troubled bosom he devisèd
the future fortunes of her sons to show,
unripping thus from Fate's impregnate womb
He opes the mysteries of the things to come:—

"Thou fairest Daughter mine! throw far thy fear 44
lest tò thy Lusians happen harm indign;
nor deem my spirit holdeth aught so dear,
as the sad waters of these sov'reign eyne:
Thou shalt behold, my Daughter, hear me swear,
the Greek and Roman dimm'd of all his shine,
by Gestes illustrious this thy Hero-race
Shall dare and do in Eastern dwelling-place.

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" If glib Ulysses e'er to flee was fated 45
a life-long slav'ery on Ogygia-shore;
and if Antenor's fortune penetrated
Illyric bays, Timavus' fount t' explore;
e'en if thy pious Æneas navigated
where seas round Scylla and Charybdis roar;
thy nobler scions higher grade shall win,
shall add new worlds to worlds of older men.

" Valvartes and cities and the tow'ering wall 46
built by their valour, Daughter, thou shalt see:
Shalt see the Turk, deem'ed bravest brave of all,
from their dread prowess forcèd aye to flee:
Shalt see of Inde the free-born monarchs fall
and own their mightier King's supremacy:
And when, in fine, they wield the full command
shall dawn a Higher Law[1] for every land.

" Him shalt thou see, who now in hurrièd flight 47
fares distant Indus through such fears to find,
make vasty Neptune tremble with affright,
and crisp his wavy waste sans breath of wind.
Oh Chance ne'er seen! Oh wonder-teeming Sight!
this Quake of Water with plat calm combin'd!
Oh valiant race, with loftiest thought inbred,
whom Earth's four El'ements must regard with dread![2]

[1] Christianity.
[2] Alluding to Da Gama's " Sea-quake."

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" This Land, that water hath to them denied, 48
shalt see affording surest Hythe, where spent
by their long voyaging, shall rest and ride
Argosies bound from utmost Occident.
In fine, this seaboard all, that futile tried
death-snare to weave, shall pay obedient
toll, tythe, and tribute, knowing vain it were
to beard the Lusian Lyon in his lair.

" Shalt see King Erythras' far-famèd Main 49
permute his nat'ural red to Fear's pale dye :
eke shalt thou see the haughty Hormuz-reign
twice taken, prostrate in their presence lie :
There shalt thou see the furious Moorman slain
pierced by his own deflected archery ;[1]
till all ken clearly who thy Sons oppose
by their own deed become their deadliest foes.

" Shalt see of Diu[2] th' inexpugnable wall, 50
two sieges braving, while thy sons defend ;
there shall their val'orous worth be shown to all
with feats of arms that every feat transcend :
Envy shalt see in Mars majestical
of Lusian fierceness none shall dare offend :
There shall they sight the Moor with voice supreme
before high Heaven false Mahound blaspheme.

[1] Historical (?)
[2] Islet off the Cutch coast, pronounced Dyú.

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"Thou shalt see Góa from the Moslem tane, 51
and in near future raised to queenly place,
Ladye of Orient land sublimely vain
of triumphs wrested by thy conqu'ering Race.
There, with superb, high, haughtiest disdain
the Gentoo louting low to idols base,
they bit and bridle, mast'ering every land
that 'gainst thy Lusians raiseth head or hand.

"Thou shalt behold the Fortalice hold out 52
of Cananor with scanty garnison:
Calecut thou shalt see endure sad rout,
that erst so populous and puissant town;
shalt in Cochin see one approv'd so stout,
who such an arr'ogance of the sword hath shown,
no harp of mortal sang a similar story,
digne of e'erlasting name, eternal glory.

"Ne'er with such Mars-taught art and furious flame, 53
was Leucas seen in civil wars to glow,
when to his Actium-fight Augustus came
and laid th' injurious Roman captain low;
whom, deft Aurora's reign and race to tame,
far-famèd Nyle and Bactrus' Scythic foe,
despoilèd, 'spite victorious spoils and rare,
that fair Egyptian not so chaste as fair;[2]

[1] Duarte Pacheco Pereira.
[2] Antony and Cleopatra.

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"As thou shalt see when Ocean boileth o'er 54
with fires enkindled by thy Lusians' hate,
who captive make the Idol-man and Moor,
and triumph high o'er many a subject state:
Till, won rich Aurea-Chersonésus'-shore
far as far China they shall navigate,
and each remotest isle of Orient tide
and every Ocean in their rule shall bide.

"'Tis thus, O Daughter mine! thy children's lot 55
higher than human vigour to display,
nowhere shall Brav'ery burn and blaze so hot
from Ganges' bank to Gaditanian bay;
nor from the Boreal billows to the gut
where first an injured Lusian brake the way;[1]
e'en though their progress o'er the world t' oppose
the Dead of Ages from their tombs arose."

This said, he sendeth Maia's son divine 56
to visit lowly earth, and there to seek
some harbour's peaceful shelter, with design
that all the Fleet shall ride sans risk of wreck:
And, lest in false Mombasah-land indign
more of delay the valiant Captain make,
'tis Jove's command that be in vision shone
a restful region free from restless fone.

[1] Magalhaens (Magellan), Canto X., 138.

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Now th' airy space the Cyllenéan span'd, 57
descending earth with feath'ery feet to tread ;
his hand was armèd with the fatal Wand,
which sheds on weary eyne sweet drowsihed ;
wherewith he called the sad-eyed shadowy band
from Hades, and obedient breezes sped :
The wingèd basnet on his head he bore ;
and thus he sought the Melisodanian shore.

Fame is his mate who mote aloud proclaim 58
the Lusitanian's weight and rarest worth ;
for mortal breast is won by noble name,
that makes the bearer loved of all on earth.
Thus winning stranger-hearts the Herald came,
and to the mighty bruit gave timely birth :
Anon Desire Melindé burns to see
what mode of men the val'orous People be.

Thence to Mombasah takes the God his course, 59
where the strange vessels rode in fear afar,
to bid the seamen leave, while none the worse,
those lands suspected and that treacherous bar :
For scant availeth human fraud or force
against Infernals waging treach'erous war :
Scant 'vaileth heart and art and judgment staid
when human wisdom lacketh heavenly aid.

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Already Night had past her middle way, 60
and all the starry host with th' alien light
rained on the breadth of Earth their radiance gay;
and now was Sleep tired man's supreme delight.
Th' illustrious Captain weary, wayworn, lay,
with careful watching through the cares of night,
a short repose for anxious eyne he snatchèd:
The men on duty at their quarters watchèd.

When in a vision Maia's son was seen 61
and heard to say: "Fly, Lusitanian! fly
that wicked Monarch's snares, that only mean
to draw you forwards where ye surely die:
Fly, for breathes fair the breeze and smiles serene
Æther, while stormless sleep the seas and sky;
in other part another King more benign
sure shelter offereth unto thee and thine!

"Here nought thou findest but the barb'rous rite 62
the guest-rite dear to cruel Diomed,
ill-host that made each miserable wight
the wonted forage of his stabled steed:
Those altars which Busiris, infame sprite,
taught with the stranger's wailing life to bleed,
here certès wait thee an thou longer dwell:
Fly, then, this folk perfidious, fierce, and fell!

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"Steer straight, along this outstretch'd sea-board run, 63
another land more leal shalt thou find;
there near the Belt where th' ever-blazing sun
to Day and Night hath equal space assign'd:[1]
There to thy Squadron honour gladly done,
a King, with many a friendly service kind,
the surest shelter shall for thee provide,
and for your India skilful trusty guide."

Mercury thus; and rousèd from his dreams 64
the Captain rising in a stark dismay,
while pierced the palpable Obscure bright streams
of sudden light and splendid holy ray:
Then, seen forthwith that him it best beseems
in land so vile to make the shortest stay,
he bade his Master, urged by spirit new,
to spread the canvas in what breeze there blew.

"Hoist sail!" he said, "hoist high in lib'ral air, 65
for God commands, and Heav'n affects its friends;
from yon clear seats was sent a messengèr
only to speed our steps and shape our ends."
Meanwhile the sailors to set sail prepare;
all work and either watch its anchor tends;
the weighty irons with willing shouts are weighèd,
and sin'ewy strength, the seaman's pride, displayèd.

[1] Melinde nearer the Line (S. lat. 3° 9′).

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Now at what time their anchors high uprose, 66
lurking in Night's murk shadow rose the Moor,
stealthy to cut the cables of his foes,
that all might perish on the rocky shore:
But watched with lynx-like glances, clear and close,
the Portingalls prepared for ev'ry stowre:
Finding his victims wakeful th' enemy fled
by wings of terror, not by paddle, sped.

But now the narrow sharp-cut Prores renew, 67
cleaving the humid argent plain, their road;
blandly the north and eastern Trade-wind blew
with gentle movement, as in joyous mood.:
Past perils in their talk review'd the Crew,
for with a fond delay Thought loves to brood
on dang'rous chances, when to death-in-life
Life comes so near she scarcely 'scapes the strife.

One circle ended Phœbus all aglow, 68
and on a second entered, when appearèd
in the far offing, sailing sure and slow,
two hulls by gently-breathing Zephyrs steerèd:
And, as they must be manned by Moorish foe
our Squadron veering soon her prizes nearèd:
This one that fearèd fearful ills to brave
ran straight ashore her crew thereon to save.

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No sim'lar cunning from such chances led 69
her consort, captive of the Lusian hand,
which, ne by rig'rous Mavors' rage had bled,
nor felt what furies Vulcan doth command.
But weakly, master'd by a craven dread,
the feeble forces which the barquelet man'd
resistance offer'd none; which haply shown,
from such resisting greater ills had known.

And as the Gama felt him much incline'd 70
to seek a Guide for India-land long sought,
he thought a Helmsman 'mid the Moors to find,
yet naught to him succeeded as he thought;
none mote give tidings of the lay of Inde,
under what tract of heav'n it might be brought:
But all declare a harbour lies hard by
Melinde, ready Pilots to supply.

Her King's benevolence the Moormen praise, 71
conditions lib'ral, breast no guile that knew;
magnificent, grandiose and gentle ways
with parts that won respect and honour true.
All this to heart for fact our Captain lays,
since to his vision came such view to shew
the dream-sent Cyllenéan; thus he sped
whither the vision and the Moorman led.

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'Twas the glad season when the God of Day 72
into Europa's rav'isher 'gan return ;
when warmèd either point his genial ray
and Flora scatter'd Amalthéa's horn :
The hasty Sun, that girds the heavenly way,
brought round the mem'ry of that blessèd morn,
when He, who ruleth all by Will Divine,
upon Creation stampt His seal and sign :[1]

At such a time the Squadron neared the part, 73
where first Melindé's goodly shore was seen,
in awnings drest and prankt with gallant art,
to show that none the Holy Day misweeṇ :
Flutter the flags, the streaming Estandart
gleams from afar with gorgeous purple sheen ;
tom-toms and timbrels mingle martial jar :
Thus past they forwards with the pomp of war.

Men crowd and jostle on Melindé's strand 74
hasting to sight the stranger's glad Armade ;
a folk more truthful far, humane, and bland
than any met on shores their course had made.
Now rides the Lusian Fleet anent the land :
Her pond'rous anchors now the depths invade :
Forthwith a captured Moor they send to greet
the King and mani'fest whence had come the Fleet.

[1] Sol entering Taurus, Easter Monday, April 5, 1498.

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The King who well that noble lineage knew, 75
which to the Portingalls such worth imparts,
prizeth their harb'ring at his Hythe, as due
the praise to Braves so prompt in martial arts:
And, with the spirit ever pure and true
that 'nobleth gen'rous souls and gallant hearts,
he prays by proxy all forthwith may deign
to land and use, as best they choose, his reign.

Frank offers these, and made in Honour bright, 76
simple the words, undoubted, unprepar'd,
wherewith the Monarch greets each noble Knight,
who o'er such seas and lands so far hath fared.
And eke he sendeth muttons fleecy white
with many a cramm'd domesticate poulard,
and tropick fruitage which the markets fill:
Yet his good gifts are giv'n with better will.

A glad and eager ear our Captain lent 77
to him who spake his Sovran's speech benign;
straightway of royal gifts return he sent
stow'd in his Squadron for such fair design:
Purple Escarlat,[1] cloth of crimson tint,
the branchy Coral, highly prized and fine,
which in deep Water soft and tender grown,
in Air doth harden to a precious stone.

[1] *Escarlata*, a woollen cloth.

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Eke sends he one well known for courtly wit, 78
who with the King may pact of peace conclude;
and prayeth pardon that he could not quit
his ships at once, and leave the Fleet aflood.
His trusty Truchman[1] on the land alit,
and, as before the Monarch's face he stood,
spake thus in style which only Pallas taught
when praise and prayer firm persuasion wrought:—

"O King sublime! to whom the Olympus pure 79
of His high justice gave the gift and boon
to curb and conquer peoples dour and dure,
to win their love, nor less their fear to own;
as safe asylum, haven most secure,
to ev'ry Oriental nation known,
thee have we come to seek, in thee to find
the surest med'icine of she Wanderer's mind.

"No Pyrates we, who fare on ports to prey, 80
and purse-proud cities that in war be weak;
thieves, who with fire and steel the peoples slay,
their robber-greed on neighbour-goods to wreak:
From haughty Europe to the realms of Day
we sail, and Earth's remotest verge we seek
of Inde, the great, the rich, for thus ordaineth
the mighty Monarch who our country reigneth.

[1] The "dragoman," Fernam Martins.

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"What brood so harsh as this was ever bred? 81
what barb'arous custom and what usage ban'd
that can not only men from ports forbid
but grudge the shelter of their desert sand?
What of ill Will hold they our hearts have hid,
that of a folk so few in fear they stand?
That traps for us they spread and ready snares
and work their worst whereby we die unwares?

"But Thou, wherein full surely we confide 82
to find, O King benign! an honest man,
and hope such certain aid to see supplied,
as gave Alcino'us the lost Ithacan,
to this thy Haven sure we stem the tide
with the Divine Interpreter in van:
For as He sendeth us to thee 'tis clear
thy heart must e'en be rare, humane, sincere.

"And deem not thou, O King! that dreads to land 83
our famous Captain thee to serve and see,
for aught he sees of base or underhand,
or aught suspects of false and feign'ed in thee:
But know he acteth by the high command,—
a law of all obeyed implicitly,—
his King's own hest, forbidding him t'explore,
and from his Squadron land at port or shore.

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" And, since of subjects King may thus require, 84
for of the Head should members heed the sway,
thou, kingly officed, never shalt desire
the liege his lord's command to disobey ;
but the high ben'efits, and those gifts still higher
by thee bestow'd, he prom'iseth to repay
with all that done by him or his can be
long as the rolling rivers seek the Sea."

Thus he ; when all conjoint their voices raisèd 85
while each to each his separate thoughts convey'd,
by the high stomach of the Race amazèd,
who through such seas and skies their way had made.
Th' illustrious King for loyalty bepraisèd
the Portingalls, the while his spirit weigh'd
how high his value, strong his orders are,
whose Royal word is heard in land so far.

And, with a smiling mien and pleasèd face, 86
he hailed the Herald, proff'ering high esteem :—
" All black suspicions from your bosoms chase,
nor let your souls with frigid terror teem ;
such be your gallant worth, your works of grace,
the World your deeds shall aye most glorious deem ;
and whoso holdeth right to do you wrong
ne truth ne noble thoughts to him belong.

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" That all you warmen may not instant land 87
observing 'customèd pre-eminence,
though sorely grievèd by your King's command,
yet much we prize so much obedience :
Yet, as your orders our desire withstand ;
nor we consent to see such excellence
of heart, such loyalty of soul, belied,
that our good wishes sole be gratified.

" But, as to-morrow's Sun on earth shall shine, 88
all our Flotilla shall make holiday ;
to seek your sturdy Fleet is our design
we have so longed to see full many a day :
And if your sea-tost vessels bear the sign
of angry tempests, and their tedious way,
here they shall find in friendly form and guise
pilots, munitions, vittaile and supplies."

He spake ; and 'neath the sea-rim sank to rest 89
Latona's son, when home the Herald hied,
with the fair message to the Fleet addrest,
in a light canoe that fast outran the tide.
Now joy and gladness fillèd ev'ery breast,
all had the perfect cure at length descried,—
Discov'ery of the Land, long wisht-for sight ;
and thus they festival'd with glee the night.

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Aboard is foyson of those artful rays, 90
whose splendours mock the trem'ulous hairy star:
Now every bombardier his boast displays,
till Ocean's thunder answers earth and air.
The Cyclops' art is shown in various ways,
in fire-stuffed shells, and burning bombs of war:
Others with voices which invade the skies,
make brazen notes from blaring trumps arise.

Echoes a loud reply the ready shore, 91
with buzzing fireworks forming giddy gyre;
whirl burning wheels that far in Æther soar;
sulphurous dust deep-hid explodes in fire:
Heav'en-high resounds the multitudinous roar;
the soft blue waters don Flame's red attire;
nor blazeth land the less: 'Tis thus friends greet
their friends as foemen who in battle meet.

Again the restless Spheres revolving sped, 92
to olden drudg'ry dooming man anew:
Again did Memnon's Mother radiance shed,
and from the sluggard's eyne soft sleep withdrew:
The latest shadows slowly melting fled,
on earthly flow'rets weeping frigid dew;
when the Melindan King took boat that he
might view the Squad that swam the Blackmoor sea.

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Boiling about him, swarming round the Bay, 93
dense crowds glad gather'd and enjoy'd the sight:
Caftans of finest purple glisten gay;
glance splendid robes with silken tissue dight:
In lieu of warrior lance, and harsegaye [1]
and bow whose burnisht cusps mock Luna's light;
aloft the revellers bear the palmy bough,
the fittest crown that decks the conqueror's brow.

A spacious stately barge, o'ercanopied 94
with dainty silks, of divers teinture stainèd
beareth Melinde's King, accompanied
by lords and captains of the land he reignèd.
Rich clad he cometh with what pomp and pride,
his country customs and his taste ordainèd;
a precious Turbant winds around his head
of cotton wrought with gold and silken thread.

Caftan of costly texture Damascene,— 95
the Tyrian colour honour'd there of eld;—
Torque round his collar, shining golden sheen,
whose wealth of work its wealth of ore excel'd:
Glitters and gleams with radiance diamantine
Dag-targe of costly price by girdle held:
And show, in fine, upon his sandal-shoon
velvets with seed-pearl and gold-spangle strewn.

[1] Our "assegai."

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With silken sunshade, high and round of guise 96
fast to its handle bound, a gilded spear,
a Minister the solar ray defies
lest hurt of baleful beam the high King bear :
High in the poop his strange glad musick hies,
of asp'erous noise, most horr'ible to the ear,
of archèd trumpets writhed in curious round,
roaring a rough, rude, unconcerted sound.

Nor with less garnishment our Lusitanian 97
swift-sailing galleys from the Squadron bore,
to meet and greet the noble Melindanian,
begirt by goodly company galore
The Gama cometh dight in dress Hispanian ;
but of French work the doublet was he wore,
Satin which Adrian Venice works and stains
crimson, a colour which such prize obtains.

Buttons of gold his loopèd sleeves confine, 98
where solar glancings dazzle gazing eyes :
Hosen of soldier fashion purfled shine
with the rich metal Fortune oft denies :
Points of the same the slashes deftly join,
gored in his doublet, with right del'icate ties :
Gold-hilted sword in mode of Italy :
Plume in his bonnet worn a little wry.

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I' the suite and escort of the Captain show'd 99
of the dye murex,—Tyre's surpassing tint,—
the various shades that joy'd men's eyne, and mode
of dress devis'd with fashion different:
Such was th' enamel, and as bright it glow'd
with cunning colours in quaint mixture blent,
as though her rutilant bow had rear'd in air
the Maid of Thaumas, fairest of the fair.

Sonorous trumpets manly breasts incite 100
gladding the heart with martial musick gay:
Churnèd the Moorish keels blue waters white
and awnings sprent with dews of pearly spray:
The horrid-sounding bombards thunder fright
while smoky hangings veil the splendid day;
roar the hot volleys hurtling sounds so loud,
fain close with hands their ears the Moorish crowd.

And now the King our Captain's galley sought, 101
who strainèd in his arms the welcome guest:
He with the courtesy which Reason taught,
his host (who was of Royal rank) addrest.
Noted th' admiring Moor, with marvel fraught,
his visitor's ev'ery mode, and look, and gest,
as one regarding with a huge esteem
Folk who so far in quest of India came.

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And to him proffers in his phrase high-flown 102
whatever goods his realm and haven boast;
the while commanding him to hold his own
what store might haply serve his turn the most:
Eke he assures him Fame had made well-known
the Lusian name ere Lusians reached his coast:
for long 'twas rumour'd that in realms afar
it had with peoples of his law waged war.

How Africk cont'inent's farthest shores resound, 103
he told him, with great deeds the warmen did;
whose long campaigns the Conquerors had crown'd
lords of the lands where dwelt the Hesperid.[1]
With long harangue he taught the crowd around
the least deserts the Lusians meritèd,
and yet the most that Fame was fain to teach;
when thus Da Gama to the King made speech:—

"O thou! who sole hast seen with pit'iful eye, 104
benignant King! our Lusitanian race,
which in such mis'ery dire hath dared defy
Fate, and the furies of mad seas to face;
may yon Divine eternity on high,
that ruleth man, revolving skyey space,
since gifts so goodly givest thou, I pray
the Heav'ens repay thee what we never may.

[1] Tangier.

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"Of all Apollo bronzèd hath thou sole, 105
peaceful didst greet us from th' abysmal sea:
To thee from Æolus' winds that moan and howl,
we find good, truthful, glad security.
Long as its Stars leads forth the vasty Pole,
long as the Sun shall light the days to be,
where'er I haply live, with fame and glory
shall live thy praises in my People's story."

He spake, and straight the barges 'gin to row 106
whither the Moorman would review the Fleet;
rounding the vessels, one by one, they go
that ev'ery not'able thing his glance may meet:
But Vulcan skywards voll'eying horr'ible lowe
with dire artill'ery hastes the guest to greet,
while trumpets loud canorous accents blend;
with shawms the Moorish hosts their answer send.

When due attention to the sights had lent 107
the gen'erous Moslem, fill'ed with thrilling wonder,
and hearing, eke, th' unwonted instrument
that told its dreadful might in fiery thunder;
he bade the light Batèl wherein he went
at anchor quiet ride the Flagship under,
that with the doughty Gama he might hold
converse of matters erst by Rumour told.

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The Moor in varied di'alogue took delight, 108
and now he prayed the vis'itor would expound
each war renowned and famous feat of fight
fought with the races that adore Mahound:
Now of the peoples he would gain a sight
that hold our ultimate Hispanian ground:
Then of the nations who with us confine;
then of the mighty voyage o'er the brine.

"But first, O valiant Captain! first relate," 109
quoth he, "with all the diligence thou can,
what lands and climes compose your natal state,
and where your home, recount with regular plan;
nor less your ancient lineage long and great
and how your Kingdom's lofty rule began,
with all your early deeds of derring-do;
e'en now, tho' know'ng them not, their worth we know.

"And, prithee, further say how o'er the Main 110
long on this voyage through fierce seas you stray'd,
seeing the barb'arous ways of alien strain,
which our rude Africk-land to you display'd:
Begin! for now the team with golden rein
draws near, and drags the new Sun's car, inlaid
with marquetry, from cold Aurora's skies:
Sleep wind and water, smooth the wavelet lies.

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" And as th' Occasion such a fitness showeth, 111
so is our wish your wondrous tale to hear;
who dwells among us but by rumour knoweth
the Lusitanian's labour singular?
Deem not so far from us removèd gloweth
resplendent Sol, that need thy judgment fear
to find Melinde nurse so rude a breed,
which can ne prize ne praise a noble deed.

" Vainly the haughty olden Giants vied 112
by war to win Olympus clear and pure:
Pirith and Theseus mad with ign'orance tried
of Pluto's realm to burst the dread Obscure;
If in the world such works hath workèd pride,
not less 't is labour excellent and dure,
bold as it was to brave both Heav'en and Hell,
for man o'er raging Nereus to prevail.

" With fire consumèd Dian's sacred fane,— 113
that master-piece of subtle Ctesiphon,—
Heróstratus, who by such deed would gain
of world-wide Fame the high immortal boon:
If greed of foolish praise and glory vain
to actions so perverse may urge men on,
more reason 't is to crown with endless fame
Deeds that deserve, like Gods, a deathless name."

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CANTO III.

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ARGUMENT

OF THE THIRD CANTO.

THE talk of Vasco da Gama with the King of Melinde, wherein he describeth Europe, and recounteth the origin of the kingdom of Portugal, its kings (including the King Dom Fernando) and its principal achievements: The notable feat of Egás Moníz: The Queen of Castile, Dona Maria, visiteth Portugal to crave aid for the Battle of the Salado: The loves and luckless fate of Dona Ignéz de Castro: Some events which befel the King Dom Fernando.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

A populosa Europa se descreve;
De Egas Moniz o feito sublimado,
Lusitania, que Reis, que guerras teve;
Christo a Afonso se expoem crucificado:
De Dona Ignez de Castro a pura neve
Em purpura converte o povo irado:
Mostra-se o vil descuido de Fernando,
E o grão poder de hum gesto suave, e brando.

Populous Europe passeth in review;	(6—23)
Egás Moníz is praised for famous feat;	(35—41)
What Kings and wars our Lusitania knew;	(24—34)
Afonso sees the CHRIST on Cross elate;	(42—46)
Agnes de Castro's breast of snowy hue With innocent blood empurpleth popular hate:	(118—135)
Fernando's vile neglect is shown to shame, And the high pow'ers that youth and beauty claim.	(138—143)

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CANTO III.

Now, my Calliope! to teach incline 1
what speech great Gama for the King did frame:
Inspire immortal song, grant voice divine
unto this mortal who so loves thy name.
Thus may the God whose gift was Medicine,
to whom thou barest Orpheus, lovely Dame!
never for Daphne, Clytia, Leucothöe
due love deny thee or inconstant grow he.

Satisfy, Nymph! desires that in me teem, 2
to sing the merits of thy Lusians brave;
so worlds shall see and say that Tagus-stream
rolls Aganippe's liquor. Leave, I crave,
leave flow'ry Pindus-head; e'en now I deem
Apollo bathes me in that sovran wave;
else must I hold it, that thy gentle sprite,
fears thy dear Orpheus fade through me from sight.

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All stood with open ears in long array 3
to hear what mighty Gama mote unfold;
when, past in thoughtful mood a brief delay,
began he thus with brow high-raised and bold:—
"Thou biddest me, O King! to say my say
anent our grand genealogy of old:
Thou bidd'st me not relate an alien story;
thou bidd'st me laud my brother Lusians' glory.

"That one praise others' exploits and renown 4
is honour'd custom which we all desire;
yet fear I 'tis unfit to praise mine own;
lest praise, like this suspect, no trust inspire;
nor may I hope to make all matters known
for Time however long were short: yet, sire!
as thou commandest all is owed to thee;
maugre my will I speak and brief will be.

"Nay, more, what most obligeth me, in fine, 5
is that no leasing in my tale may dwell;
for of such Feats whatever boast be mine,
when most is told, remaineth much to tell:
But that due order wait on the design,
e'en as desirest thou to learn full well,
the wide-spread Cont'inent first I'll briefly trace,
then the fierce bloody wars that waged my Race.

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" Atwixt the Zone, where Cancer holds command,— 6
the lucent Sun's septentrional mete,—
and that whose frigid horrors freeze the land
as burns the middle Belt with fervid heat,
lies haughty Europe: On her goodly strand,
facing Arcturus and the Ponent, beat
the briny billows of Atlantis plain,
while free t'wards Auster flows the Midland-main.

" That part where lovely Dawn is born and bred, 7
neighboureth Asia: But the curvèd river,[1]
from far and frore Rhipæan ranges shed,
to feed Mæotis-lake with waves that shiver,
departs them, and the Sea-strait fierce and dread,
that owned the vict'ory of the Greek deceiver,
where now the seaman sees along the shore
triumphant Troja's mem'ories and—no more.

" There farther still the Boreal Pole below, 8
Hyperboréan mountain-walls appear,
and the wild hills where Æolus loves to blow,
while of his winds the names they proudly bear:
Here such cold comfort doth Apollo show,
so weak his light and warmth to shine and cheer,
that snows eternal gleam upon the mountains,
freezeth the sea, and ever freeze the fountains.

[1] Tanais, the Don.

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"Here of the Scythic hordes vast numbers be, 9
in olden day a mighty warrior band,
who fought for honours of antiquity
with the then owners of the Nylus-land:
But how remote their claims from verity,
(for human judgments oft misunderstand),
let him who seeks what higher lore reveal'd
ask the red clay that clothes Damascus-field.[1]

"Now in these wild and wayward parts be told 10
Cold Lapland's name, uncultivate Norwày,
Escandinavia's isle, whose scions bold
boast triumphs Italy shall ne'er gainsay.
Here, while ne frost, ne wintry rigours hold
in hand the waters, seafolk ply the way,
over the arm of rough Sarmatic Main
the Swede, the Brusian,[2] and the shiv'ering Dane.

"Between the sea and Tanaïs-stream we count 11
strange races, Ruthens,[3] Moscows, and Livonians,—
Sarmátæ all of old,—and on the Mount
Hercynian,[4] Marcomanni, now Polonians.
Holding the empire Almayne paramount
dwell Saxons, and Bohemians, and Pannonians;
and other tribes, wherethrough their currents frore
Rhine, Danube, Amasis,[5] and Albis pour.

[1] Whence Adam ("red man").
[2] Borussians = Prussians.
[3] Ruthenians = Eastern Galicians.
[4] Harz and Erzgebrige.
[5] Amisius or Amisia (Ems).

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" 'Twixt distant Ister and the famous Strait, 12
where hapless Helle left her name and life,
the Thracians wone, a folk of brave estate,
Mars' well-loved country, chosen home of strife:
There Rhódope and Hæmus rue the weight
of cursèd Othman's rule with horror rife;
Byzance they hold beneath their yoke indign
great injury working to great Constantine!

" Hard by their side the Macedonians rest, 13
whose soil is water'ed by cold Axius' wave:[1]
Eke ye, of ev'ery choicest realm the best,
Lands of the free, the wise, the good, the brave,
that here did breed and bear the facund breast,
and to the world its wit and wisdom gave,
wherewith thou, noble Greece! hast reach'ed the stars,
no less by arts exalt than arms and wars.

" The Dalmats follow; and upon the Bay 14
where rose Antenor's walls[2] in while of yore,
superb Venetia builds on wat'ery way,
Adria's Queen that erst was lowly poor.
Hence seawards runs a land-arm made to sway
forceful the sons of many a stranger shore;
an arm of might, whose Race hath conquer'd time
nor less by spirit than by sword sublime.

[1] *Hod.* Vardari or Bradi.
[2] Padua.

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"Girdeth her shores the kingdom Neptunine, 15
while Nature's bulwarks fence her landward side;
her middle width departeth Apennine,
by Mars, her saint and patron, glorified:
But when the Porter rose to rank divine,
she lost her prowess, and her bellic pride:
Humbled she lies with antique puissance spent:
So Man's humil'ity may his God content!

"Gallia can there be seen, whose name hath flown 16
where Cæsar's triumphs to the world are told;
by Séquana[1] 'tis watered and the Rhone,
by Rhine's deep current and Garumna[1] cold:
Here rise the ranges from Pyréne known,
the Nymph ensepulchre'd in days of old,
whence, legends say, the conflagrated woods
rolled golden streams, and flowèd silvern floods.

"Lo! here her presence showeth noble Spain, 17
of Europe's body corporal the head;
o'er whose home-rule, and glorious foreign reign,
the fatal Wheel so many a whirl hath made:
Yet ne'er her Past or force or fraud shall stain,
nor restless Fortune shall her name degrade;
no bonds her bellic offspring bind so tight
but it shall burst them with its force of sprite.

[1] Seine and Garonne.

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"There, facing Tingitania's shore, she seemeth 18
to block and bar the Med'iterranean wave,
where the known Strait its name ennobled deemeth
by the last labour of the Theban Brave.
Big with the burthen of her tribes she teemeth,
circled by whelming waves that rage and rave;
all noble races of such valiant breast,
that each may justly boast itself the best.

"Hers the Tarragonese who, famed in war, 19
made aye-perturbed Parthenopé obey;
the twain Asturias, and the haught Navarre
twin Christian bulwarks on the Moslem way:
Hers the Gallego canny, and the rare
Castilian, whom his star raised high to sway
Spain as her saviour, and his seign'iory feel
Bætis, Leon, Granáda, and Castile.

"See the head-crowning coronet is she, 20
of general Europe, Lusitania's reign,
where endeth land and where beginneth sea,
and Phœbus sinks to rest upon the main.
Willed her the Heavens with all-just decree
by wars to mar th' ignoble Mauritan,
to cast him from herself: nor there consent
he rule in peace the Fiery Continent.

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"This is my happy land, my home, my pride; 21
where, if the Heav'ens but grant the pray'er I pray
for glad return and every risk defied,
there may my life-light fail and fade away.
This was the Lusitania, name applied
by Lusus or by Lysa, sons, they say,
of ancient Bacchus, or his boon compeers,
eke the first dwellers of her eldest years.

"Here sprang the Shepherd,[1] in whose name we see 22
forecast of virile might, of virtuous meed;
whose fame no force shall ever hold in fee,
since fame of mighty Rome ne'er did the deed.
This, by light Heaven's volatile decree,
that antient Scyther, who devours his seed,
made puissant pow'er in many a part to claim,
assuming regal rank; and thus it came:—

"A King there was in Spain, Afonso hight, 23
who waged such warfare with the Saracen,
that by his 'sanguined arms, and arts, and might,
he spoiled the lands and lives of many men.
When from Hercùlean Calpè winged her flight
his fame to Caucasus Mount and Caspian glen,
many a Knight, who noblesse coveteth,
comes off'ering service to such King and Death.

[1] Viriatus = vir, vires, virtus (*paronomasia*).

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" And with intrinsic love inflamèd more 24
for the True Faith, than honours popular,
they troopèd gath'ering from each distant shore,
leaving their dear-loved homes and lands afar.
When with high feats of force against the Moor
they proved of sing'ular worth in Holy War,
willèd Afonso that their mighty deeds
commens'urate gifts command and equal meeds.

" 'Mid them Henrique, second son, men say, 25
of a Hungarian King, well-known and tried,
by sort won Portugal which, in his day,
ne prizèd was ne had fit cause for pride:
His strong affection stronger to display
the Spanish King decreed a princely bride,
his only child, Theresa, to the count;
and with her made him Seigneur Paramount.

" This doughty Vassal from that servile horde, 26
Hagar the handmaid's seed, great vict'ories won;
reft the broad lands adjacent with his sword
and did whatever Brav'ery bade be done:
Him, for his exploits exc'ellent to reward,
God gave in shortest space a gallant son,
whose arm to 'noble and enfame was fain
the warlike name of Lusitania's reign.

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"Once more at home this conqu'ering Henry stood 27
who sacred Hierosol'yma had relievèd,
his eyes had fed on Jordan's holy flood,
which the Dear Body of Lord God had lavèd;
when Godfrey[1] left no foe to be subdued,
and all Judæa conquered was and savèd,
many that in his wars had done devoir
to their own lordships took the way once more.

"But when this stout and gallant Hun attainèd 28
Life's fatal period, age and travail-spent,
he gave, by Death's necessity constrainèd,
his sprite to Him who had that spirit lent:
A son of tender years alone remainèd,
to whom the Sire bequeath'd his 'bodiment;
with bravest braves the youth was formed to cope,
for from such sire such son the world may hope.

"Yet old Report, I know not what its weight, 29
(for on such antique tale no man relies),[2]
saith that the Mother, tane in tow the state,
a second nuptial bed did not despise:
Her orphan son to disinher'ited fate
she doomed, declaring hers the dignities,
not his, with seigniory o'er all the land,
her spousal dowry by her sire's command.

[1] De Bouillon, crowned first king of Jerusalem, A.D. 1099.
[2] The favourite figure *correctio*.

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" Now Prince Afonso (who such style had tane 30
in pious mem'ory of his Grandsire's name)
seeing no part and portion in his reign
all pilled and plunder'd by the Spouse and Dame,
by dour and doughty Mars inflamed amain,
privily plots his heritage to claim:
He weighs the causes in his own conceit
till firm Resolve its fit effect shall greet.

" Of Guimara'ens the field already flow'd 31
with floods of civil warfare's bloody tide,
where she, who little of the Mother show'd,
to her own bowels love and land denied.
Fronting the child in fight the parent stood;
nor saw her depth of sin that soul of pride
against her God, against maternal love:
Her sensual passion rose all pow'er above.

" O magical Medea! O Progne dire! 32
if your own babes in vengeance dared ye kill
for alien crimes, and injuries of the sire,
look ye, Teresa's deed was darker still.
Foul greed of gain, incontinent desire,
were the main causes of such bitter ill:
Scylla her agèd sire for one did slay,
for both Teresa did her son betray.

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" Right soon that noble Prince clear vict'ory won 33
from his harsh Mother and her Fere indign;
in briefest time the land obeyed the son,
though first to fight him did the folk incline.
But reft of reason and by rage undone
he bound the Mother in the biting chain:
Eftsoons avenged her griefs the hand of God:
Such veneration is to parents owe'd.

" Lo! the superb Castilian 'gins prepare 34
his pow'er to 'venge Teresa's injuries,
against the Lusian land in men so rare,
whereon ne toil ne trouble heavy lies.
Their breasts the cruel battle grandly dare,
aid the good cause angelic Potencies;
unrecking might unequal still they strive,
nay, more, their dreadful foe to flight they drive.[1]

" Passeth no tedious time, before the great 35
Prince a dure Siege in Guimaraens dree'd
by passing pow'er, for to 'mend his state,
came the fell en'emy, full of grief and greed:
But when committed life to direful Fate,
Egas, the faithful guardian, he was free'd,
who had in any other way been lost,
all unprepared 'gainst such 'whelming host.

[1] Valdevez, or Campo da Matança, A.D. 1128 (Canto IV. 16).

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" But when the loyal Vassal well hath known 36
how weak his Monarch's arm to front such fight,
sans order wending to the Spanish fone,
his Sovran's homage he doth pledge and plight.
Straight from the horrid siege th' invader flown
trusteth the word and honour of the Knight,
Egas Moniz: But now the noble breast
of the brave Youth disdaineth strange behest.

" Already came the plighted time and tide, 37
when the Castilian Don stood dight to see,
before his pow'er the Prince bend low his pride,
yielding the promisèd obediency.
Egás who views his knightly word belied,
while still Castile believes him true to be,
sweet life resolveth to the winds to throw,
nor live with foulest taint of faithless vow.

" He with his children and his wife departeth 38
to keep his promise with a faith immense;
unshod and strippèd,[1] while their plight imparteth
far more of pity than of vengeance:
'If, mighty Monarch! still thy spirit smarteth
to wreak revenge on my rash confidence,'
quoth he, 'behold! I come with life to save
my pledge, my knightly Honour's word I gave.'

[1] *i.e.*, of festal garb (Canto VIII. 14).

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" 'I bring, thou seest here, lives innocent, 39
of wife, of sinless children dight to die;
if breasts of gen'erous mould and excellent
accept such weaklings' woeful destiny.
Thou se'est these hands, this tongue inconsequent,
hereon alone the fierce exper'iment try
of torments, death, and doom that pass in full
Sinis or e'en Perillus' brazen bull.'

"As shrifted wight the hangman stands before, 40
in life still draining bitter draught of death,
lays throat on block, and of all hope forlore,
expects the blighting blow with bated breath:
So, in the Prince's presence angry sore,
Egás stood firm to keep his plighted faith:
When the King, marv'elling at such wondrous truth,
feels anger melt and merge in Royal ruth.

Oh the great Portingall-fidelity 41
of Vassal self-devote to doom so dread!
What did the Persian more for loyalty
whose gallant hand his face and nostrils shred?
When great Darius mourned so grievously
that he a thousand times deep-sighing said,
far he prefer'd his Zóp'yrus sound again,
than lord of twenty Babylons to reign.

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"But Prince Afonso now prepared his band 42
of happy Lusians proud to front the foes,
those haughty Moors that held the glorious land
yon side where clear delicious Tagus flows:
Now on Ourique [1] field was pitched and plan'd
the Royal 'Campment fierce and bellicose,
facing the hostile host of Sarrasin
though there so many, here so few there bin.

"Confident, yet would he in nought confide, 43
save in his God that holds of Heav'en the throne;
so few baptizèd stood their King beside,
there were an hundred Moors for every one:
Judge any sober judgment, and decide
'twas deed of rashness or by brav'ery done
to fall on forces whose exceeding might
a cent'ury showèd to a single Knight.

"Order five Moorish Kings the hostile host 44
of whom Ismár,[2] so called, command doth claim;
all of long Warfare large experience boast,
wherein may mortals win immortal fame:
And gallant dames the Knights they love the most
'company, like that brave and beauteous Dame,
who to beleaguer'd Troy such aidance gave
with woman-troops that drained Thermòdon's wave.

[1] Battle of Ourique, A.D. 1139.
[2] Isma'il = Ishmael.

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"The coolth serene, and early morning's pride, 45
now paled the sparkling stars about the Pole,
when Mary's Son appearing crucified
in vision, strengthened King Afonso's soul.
But he, adoring such appearance, cried
fired with a phrenzied faith beyond control:
'To th' Infidel, O Lord! to th' Infidel![1]
Not, Lord, to me who know Thy pow'er so well.'

"Such gracious marvel in such manner sent 46
'flamèd the Lusians' spirits fierce and high,
towards their nat'ural King, that excellent
Prince, unto whom love-boon none could deny:
Aligned to front the foeman prepotent,
they shouted res'onant slogan to the sky,
and fierce the 'larum rose, 'Real, real,
for high Afonso, King of Portugal!'

"As to the fight by calls defied and cries, 47
some fierce Molossan on the wooded height,
attacks the rampant Bull, who most relies
on strength of tem'erous horn to force the fight:
Now nips the ear, then at the side he flies
barking, with more of nimbleness than might,
till ripped at last the gullet of his foe
he lays the mighty bulk of monster low:

[1] *i.e.*, disclose Thyself, show a sign.

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" So the new King, inflamed with zeal devout 48
for God nor less for faithful Lieges' sake,
assails by cunning skill the barb'arous rout
with Braves the fronting phalanx eath to break:
Whereat the ban-dogs 'Allah! Allah!' shout,
and fly to arms; our raging warriors shake
the lance and bow; resound the trumpet tones;
the musick thunders; Echo moans and groans.

" E'en as the prairie-fire enkindled on 49
sun-parchèd steppe (as winn'oweth upper air
sibilant Boreas), by the blasts swift blown
o'er bush and arid brake rains flame and flare:
The shepherd lads and lasses, idly strown
in rest and gentle slumber, waked by blare
of crackling conflagration blazing higher,
hamlet-wards force their flocks to fly the fire:

" Th' astonied Moorman in such startled guise, 50
snatcheth his weapon hast'ily and sans heed;
yet he awaits the fight, nor ever flies,
nay, spurs his battle-ginnet to its speed.
Meet him as rash and swift his enemies
whose piercing lances gar his bosom bleed:
These fall half-slain, while others flee that can
convoking aidance of their Alcoran.

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" There may be viewèd 'counters madly rash, 51
onsets no Serra's sturdy strength could stand,
while charging here and there the chargers dash,—
the gifts of Neptune smiting gravid Land :—
Buffets they deal, and blows that bash and smash,
burneth and blazeth Warfare's blasting brand,
but he of Lusus coat, mail, plate of steel,
hacks, hews, breaks, batters, rives and rends piecemeal.

" Men's heads like bullets dance the bloody plain, 52
ownerless arms and legs insens'ible lie,
and quiv'ering entrails tell of mortal pain,
and faces fade and life's fair colours fly.
Lost is that impious host, whose heapèd slain
roll o'er the green'ery rills of crimson dye ;
whereby the grasses lose their white and green
and nought but glow of crimson gore is seen.

" But now the Lusian victor held the field 53
his trophies gath'ering, and his gorgeous prey :
The crusht Hispanian Moor was forced to yield
while on the plain three days the great King lay.[1]
And now he chargeth on his virgin shield,
what still assures this well-won Vict'ory.
five noble inescutcheons azure-hued,
signing the Moorish Five his sword subdued.

[1] The conqueror's custom.

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" He paints with bezants five each 'scutcheon, 54
the thirty silvers wherewith God was sold,
and various tinctures make His mem'ory known,
whose grace and favour did his cause uphold.
Painted on every cinque a cinque is shown;
and, that the thirty may be fully told,
counteth for two the one that central lies
of the five azures painted crossy-wise.

" Some time has passèd, since this gain had past 55
of goodly battail, when the high King hies
to take Leïria, lately tane and last
conquest that boast our conquer'd enemies.
Herewith Arronches castled strong and fast
is jointly gainèd with the noble prize
Scalabicastro,[1] whose fair fields amene
thou, chrystal Tagus! bathest all serene

" Unto this conquered roll of towns his might 56
eke addeth Mafra won in shortest space,
and in the Mountains which the Moon hath hight
he clasps frore Cintra to his hard embrace;
Cintra, whose Naiads love to hide their light
by hidden founts and fly the honey'd lace,
which Love hath woven 'mid the hills where flow
the waters flaming with a living lowe.

[1] St. Irene, Sanctarem, Santarem.

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" And thou, O noble Lisbon ! thou encrown'd 57
Princess elect of Cities capital,
rear'd by the facund Rover-King renown'd,
whose wiles laid low Dardania's burning wall :
Thou, whose commands oblige the Sea's Profound,
wast taught to bear the Lusitanian's thrall,
aided by potent navies at what time
they came crusading from the Boreal clime.[1]

" Beyond Germanic Albis and the Rhene, 58
and from Britannia's misty margin sent,
to waste and slay the people Sarracene,
many had sailed on holy thoughts intent.
Now gained the Tagus-mouth, our stream amene
to great Afonso's royal camp they went,
whose lofty fame did thence the Heav'ens invade
and siege to Ulyssèa's walls they laid.

" Five sequent times her front had Luna veilèd, 59
five times her lovely face in full had shown,
when oped her gate the City, which availèd
no Force 'gainst 'sieging forces round her thrown.
Right bloody was th' assault and fierce th' assailèd,
e'en as their stubborn purpose bound them down ;
asp'erous the Victor, ready all to dare,
the Vanquisht, victims of a dire despair.

[1] Second Crusade, A.D. 1147.

Digitized by Google

" Thus won she yielded and, in fine, she lay 60
prostrate that City which, in days of old,
the mighty meiny never would obey
of frigid Scythia's hordes immanely bold:
Who could so far extend their savage sway,
till Ebro saw 't, and Tagus trembling roll'd;
and some o'er Bætis-land, in short, so swept
that was the region Vandalía 'clept.

" What might of city could perchance endure 61
prowess which proud Lisbóa might not bear?
Who mote resist the powers dure and dour
of men, whose Fame from earth invadeth air?
Now yield obedience all Estremadure,
Obidos, Torres Vedras, Alemquer,
where softly plash the musick-murmuring waves,
'mid rocks and reefs whose feet the torrent laves.

" Eke ye, Transtagan lands! ye justly vain 62
of flavous Ceres' bien and bonny boon,
yielded to might above the might of men
the walls and castles by his valour won:
Thou, too, Moor-yeoman! hopest hope insane,
those riant regions long as lord to own;
for Elvas, Moura, Serpa, well-known sites,
with Alcacer-do-Sal must yield their rights.

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"The noble City and sure seat behold, 63
held by Sertorius, rebel famed whilòme;
where now the nitid silv'ery waters cold,
brought from afar to bless the land and home,
o'erflow the royal arches hundredfold,
whose noble sequence streaks the dark-blue dome;
not less succumb'd she to her bold pursuer,
to Giraldó, entitled 'Knight Sans Peur.'[1]

"Fast towards Beja city, vengeful prest, 64
to slake his wrath for spoilt Trancoso's wrong,[2]
Afonso, who despiseth gentle rest
and would brief human life by Fame prolong.
Feebly resisteth him and his behest
the City, falling to his arms ere long,
and nought of life within her walls but feel
the raging victor's edge of merciless steel.

"With these Palmella yielded to the war, 65
piscous Cezimbra, eke, her finny spoils;
then, aided onwards by his fortunate star,
the King a pow'erful force of foemen foils:
Felt it the City, saw 't her Lord afar,
who to support and aid her spares no toils,
along the hill-skirt marching all unware
of rash encounter lackt he heed and care.

[1] Giraldo Sem-Pavor, who took Evora.
[2] Burnt by the Moors.

Digitized by Google

66 "The King of Bad'ajoz was a Moslem bold,
with horse four thousand, fierce and furious Knights,
and countless Peons, armed and dight with gold,
whose polisht surface glanceth lustrous light.
But as a savage Bull on lonely wold,
whom jealous rage in hot May-month incites,
sighting a stranger, mad with love and wrath
the brute blind lover chargeth down the path :

67 "So doth Afonso, sudden seen the foes
that urge their forward march securely brave,
strike, slay, and scatter, raining doughty blows ;
flies the Moor King, who recks but self to save :
Naught save a panick fear his spirit knows ;
his foll'owers eke to follow only crave ;
while ours, who struck a stroke so sore, so fell,
were sixty horsemen told in fullest tale.

68 "Victory swift pursuing, rest disdaineth
the great untiring King ; he must'ereth all
the lieges of his land, whom nought restraineth
from ever seeking stranger realms to 'thrall.
He wends to 'leaguer Bad'ajoz, where he gaineth
his soul's desire, and battleth at her fall
with force so fierce, and art and heart so true
his deeds made others fain to dare and do.

Digitized by Google

" But the high Godhead, who when man offends, 69
so long deservèd penalties delays,
waiting at times to see him make amends,
or for deep myst'ery hid from man's dull gaze;
if He our valiant King till now defends
from dangers, facèd fast as foes can raise;
lends aid no longer, when for vengeance cries
the Mother's curses who in prison lies;

" For in the City which he compast round, 70
encompast by the Leoneze was he,
because his conquests trespasst on their ground,
which of Leon and not of Port'ugale be.
Here was his stubborn will right costly found,
as happeth oft in human history,
an iron maims his legs, as rage-inflamèd
to fight he flies and falls a captive maimèd.

" O famous Pompey! feel thy Wraith no pain 71
to see the fate of noble feats like thine;
nor mourn if all-just Nemesis ordain
thy bays be torn by sire-in-law indign;
though Phasis frore and parcht Syéné-plain
whose perpendic'ular shadows ne'er decline,
Bootes' ice-bergs, and Equator-fires,
confess the terrors which thy name inspires;

Digitized by Google

"Tho' rich Arabia, and the brood ferocious 72
Heniochs, with Colchis-region known of yore
for Golden Fleece; and though the Cappadoces
and Júdeans who One only God adore;
tho' soft Sophénes,[1] and the race atrocious,
Cilician, with Armenia whence outpour
the twain of mighty streams, whose farthest fount
hides in a higher and a holier Mount;[2]

"And though, in fine, from far Atlantic tide 73
E'en to the Taurus, Scythia's tow'ering wall,
all saw thee conquer; fearless still abide
if none save Emath-field beheld thee fall:
Thou shalt behold Afonso's ovant pride,
lie subjugate, that subjugated all.
Such fate Celestial Counsel long foresaw
thine from a sire, his from a son-in-law.

"Returned the King sublime, in fine, with sprite 74
by the just doom of Judge divine chastisèd,
and when of Santarem in pride of might
the Saracen a bootless siege devisèd;
and when of Vincent, martyr benedight,
the precious Corse by Christian people prizèd,
from Sacrum Promontorium[3] was conveyed
and reverent-wise in Ulysséa laid:

[1] Syrians.
[2] The Ararat of fiction.
[3] Cape St. Vincent.

Digitized by Google

"Faster to push the projects still in hand, 75
the toil-spent Father sent his stout young son,
bidding him pass to Alemtejo's land,
with warlike gear and soldiers many a one.
Sancho, a sov'ereign wielder of the brand,
straight forward passing, gore-red gars to run
the stream [1] whose waters feed Seville and flood,
dyed by the brutish Moormen's barb'rous blood.

"With hunger whetted by this new success, 76
now resteth not the Youth till sight his eyes
another slaughter, sore as this, oppress
the barb'rous host that circling Beja lies:
Not long the Prince whom fortune loves to bless,
waits the fair end where leads his dear emprize.
But now the routed Moors to vengeance cleave,
their only hope such losses to retrieve.

"They crowd the mighty Mount whereof Meduse 77
robbèd his body who the skies upbore:
They flock in thousands from Cape Ampeluse
and from Tangier, Antæus' seat of yore.
Abyla's [2] dweller offereth scant excuse;
who with his weapon hasteth him the more,
when heard the Moorish clarions shrilly-tonèd,
and all the reign high Juba whilom ownèd.

[1] The Guadalquivir.
[2] African Ceuta, opposite Gibraltar.

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" The Mir-almuminin,[1] who led the throng, 78
from the Dark Cont'inent past to Portugal :
Thirteen Moor kings he led, high, haught, and strong,
to his Imperial sceptre subject all :
Thus wreaking forceful every tyrant Wrong,
wherever easy Wrong mote sate his gall,
Sancho in Santarem he flies t' invest,
yet his was hardly of success the best.

" Gives asp'erous battle, fighting fury-fraught 79
the hateful Moor a thousand feints designing ;
ne horrid catapult avails him aught,
ne forceful batt'ering-ram, ne hidden mining :
Afonso's son, conserving force and thought,
and firm resolve with warlike skill combining,
foreseeth all with prudent heart and art,
and stern resistance brings to every part.

" But now the Vet'ran,—doomed by years to ease 80
and gentle rest, from life of toil and teen,
be'ing in the city,[2] down whose pastured leas
Mondego's wavelets kiss the hem of green ;—
when learnt how fast his son beleaguer'd is
in Santarem by Moormen blind with spleen,
fast from the City flies the fone to meet,
age-idlesse spurning with fast eager feet.

[1] The Emperor of Marocco.
[2] Coimbra.

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" He heads his army, tried in war and known, 81
his son to succour; and his well-led host
shows wonted Port'ingall-fury all their own,
till in brief time the Moor is broke and lost.
The Battle-plain,—whose blood-stained front is strown
with steely coats, and caps of varied cost,
horse, charger, harness, rich and worthy prize,—
heaped with their owners' mangled corpses lies.

" Forth fares the remnant of the Paynimry 82
from Lusitania, hurled in headlong flight:
But Mir-almuminin may never flee,
for ere he flee his life hath fled the light.
To Him whose arm vouchsafed such Victory
in praise and stintless prayer our hosts unite:
Chances so passing strange make clear to ken
God's arm smites sorer than all arms of men.

" Such crown of conquest still bedeckt the brow 83
of old Afonso, Lord of lofty fame;
when he, in fine, who ever foiled his foe,
was foiled by antient Time's unyielding claim:
Past the death-sickness o'er his pallid brow
its frigid hand, and wrung his feeble frame;
and thus the debt on mortal shoulders laid
his years to gloomy Libitína paid.

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" His loss the lofty Promontories mourn, 84
and from the wavy rivers floods of griet
with lakelets overspread the fieldèd corn,
and trickling tears are sorrow's sole relief:
But ring so loud o'er Earth's extremest bourne
the fame and exploits of our great lost chief,
that evermore shall Echo for his reign
'Afonso! 'Afonso!' cry, and cry in vain.

" Sancho, his lusty son, the worthy heir 85
of his great Father's valour, force and might,
as did his early doings clear declare,
when Bætis[1] fled ensanguin'd from the fight,
and from Andalusía forced to fare
the barb'arous King and peoples Ishmaelite;
and more, when they who vainly Beja girt
of his shrewd blows themselves had borne the hurt:

" After he had been raised to Royal hest, 86
and held for years a few his father's land,
he wends the city Sylves to invest,
plowèd whose plain the barb'arous peasant's hand:
With allies val'orous was his daring blest
the sturdy Germans, whose Armada man'd
by furnisht host was flying o'er the wave,
the lost Judæa to regain and save.

[1] The Guadiana river.

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" To join in holy enterprize they went 87
Red Frederick, who did first to move begin
his mighty armament and succour sent
to ward the town where CHRIST had died for men ;
When Guy, whose Croisers were by thirst bespent,
yielded his sword to gallant Saladin
there, where the Moslem host was well supplied
with wat'ery store to those of Guy denied.[1]

" But that majestical Armade that came 88
by dint of storm-wind o'er the Lisbon bar,
would aid our Sancho the foul foe to tame,
all being bounden for the Holy War :
As to his Father, happed to him the same ;
and Lisbon fell to fortunes similar ;
aided by Germans, Sylves town he takes
and the fierce dweller slays or subject makes.

" And if so many trophies from Mahound 89
his valour snatchèd, eke denies his pride
the Leoneze in peace to till their ground,
whom Mart with martial usage loved to guide :
Till on the bended neck his yoke he bound
of haughty Túi and all its country-side ;
where many a city felt the dreaded blow
which with thine arms thou, Sancho ! broughtest low.

[1] The Battle of the " Horns of Hattin."

Digitized by Google

" But 'mid his many palms this Prince waylaid 90
the stroke of tem'erous Death; his heir prefer'd
was that esteemèd son whom all obey'd,
second Afonso, of our Kings the third.
He reigning, Alcacér-do-Sal was made
ours, snatcht for ever from the Moorish herd;
that erst was taken by the Moor beset,
and now parforce he pays of Death the Debt.

" Afonso dying, straight to him succeedeth 91
a second Sancho, easy-going soul,
who in his weakling idlesse so exceedeth,
the rulèd rule their ruler and their tool:
He lost the Reign, for which another pleadeth,
by private preference deprived of rule;
since, govern'd only by his minions' will
he made him partner in their works of ill.

" Yet ne'er was Sancho, no, such profl'igate pest 92
as was that Nero wedded with a boy,
who in foul incest showing horrid zest
his mother Agrippina dared enjoy;
Ne'er with strange cruel arts did he molest
the liege, nor gar'd the torch his town destroy;
he was no waster, no Heliogabálus,[1]
no woman-king like soft Sardanapálus.

[1] *Sic* in orig.

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" Ne'er was his tyr'annised people so chastisèd 93
as wretched Sicill by her tyrant bane ;
ne like the despot Phálaris, he devisèd
novel inventions for inhuman pain :
But his high-hearted realm, which ever prizèd
lords of the highest hopes and sovran strain,
would ne'er whole-soulèd such a King obey,
who showed not fittest for the kingly sway.

" Hence came the gov'ernance of the reign to right 94
the County Bolognese ; and he arose
at length to kingship, when from life took flight
his brother Sancho sunk in soft repose.
This, whom the ' Brave Afonso ' subjects hight,
when fenced his kingdom from internal foes,
strives to dilate it ; what his Sire possest
is worlds too narrow for so big a breast.

" Of both Algarves, given to his hand 95
in gift of bridal dowry, greater part
his arm recovers, and outdrives the band
of Moors ill-treated now by hostile Mart.
He freed and made the Mistress of her Land
our Lusitania, such his bellic art ;
till final ruin whelmed the mighty hordes
where'er Earth ownèd Lusus' subjects lords.

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"See, next that Diniz comes in whom is seen 96
the 'brave Afonso's' offspring true and digne;
whereby the mighty boast obscurèd been,
the vaunt of lib'eral Alexander's line:
Beneath his sceptre blooms the land serene
(already compast golden Peace divine)
with constitution, customs, laws and rights,
a tranquil country's best and brightest lights.

"The first was he who made Coimbra own 97
Pallas-Minerva's gen'erous exercise;
he called the Muses' choir from Helicon
to tread the lea that by Mondego lies:
Whate'er of good whilere hath Athens done,
here proud Apollo keepeth ev'ery prize:
Here gives he garlands wove with golden ray,
with perfumed Nard and ever-verdant Bay.

"Brave towns and cities reared his hand anew, 98
stout fortalice, and strongly-castled mure,
while his well-nigh reformèd kingdom grew
with stalwart towers and lofty walls secure:
But when dure Atropos cut short the clew,
and shore the thin-spun thread of life mature,
arose, to filial duty nidering
the fourth Afonso, yet a brave good King.

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" This proud Castile's bravades with equal pride 99
despised, of soul and breast serenely grand;
for aye the Lusitanian's sprite defied
fear of the strongest, though the smaller band:
But when the Mauritanian races hied
to win and wear Hesperia's winsome land,
and marchèd boldly to debel Castile
superb Afonso went to work her weal.

" Ne'er did Semiramis such myriads see 100
who o'er the wide Hydaspick prairie trod;
nor Attila,—who daunteth Italy
with dreadful boast, self-titled 'Scourge of God,'—
hurried such Gothick hosts to victory,
as the wild Saracens' stupendous crowd,
with all th' excessive might Granáda yields
that flockt to battle on Tartessus' fields.

" When saw Castilia's monarch, high and haught, 101
such force inexpugnable fain of strife,
dreading lest all Hispania come to naught,
once lost ere this,[1] far more than loss of life;
aid of our Lusian chivalry he sought
and sent the summons by his dearest wife,
his spouse who sends her, and the joy and pride
of the fond Father to whose realm she hied.

[1] By D. Roderick the Goth.

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"Enter'd Maria, fairest of the fair, 102
her Father's palace-halls of tow'ering height;
lovely her gest though joy was crusht by care
that brimmed her beauteous eyes with tears that blight:
and waved her glorious wealth of golden hair
o'er neck and shoulders iv'ory-smooth and white:
Before her gladly-greeting Sire she stood,
and told her mission in this melting mood:—

"'Whatever various races Earth hath borne,[1] 103
the fierce strange peoples of all Africk-land
leadeth Marocco's mighty Monarch, sworn
our noble Spain to conquer and command:
Power like this ne'er met beneath the Morn
since bitter Ocean learnt to bathe the strand:
They bring such fierceness and a rage so dread
the Living shake and quake the buried Dead.

"'He to whose arms thou gavest me to wife, 104
his land defending when such foes invade,
offers himself, o'erfeeble for the strife,
to the hard mercies of the Moorish blade;
if, Sire! thou deign not aid that all-dear life,
me shalt thou see from out the kingdom fade,
widowèd, wretched, doomed to lot obscure,
sans realm, sans husband, e'en sans life secure.

[1] Begins vehemently—*ex abrupto.*

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" 'Wherefore, O King! of whom for purest fear, 105
Mulucha's [1] currents in their course congeal;
cast from thee dull delay, rise, swift appear
a second Saviour to our sad Castile:
If this thy count'enance, beaming love so dear,
set on a Father's fond proud heart its seal,
haste, Father! succour, an thou hasten not,
haply he faileth who thy succour sought.'

" Not otherwise fear-filled Maria spake 106
her Sire, than Venus when, in saddest strain,
she pled to great All-Father for the sake
of her Æneas tossing on the Main;
and in Jove's breast could such compassion 'wake,
his dreadful thunders from his hand fall vain:
The clement Godhead all to her concedeth
and mourneth only that no more she needeth.

" But now the squadded warriors muster dense 107
on Eborensian plains with fierce array;
glint in the sun-glare harness, sword, spear, lance,
and richly furnisht destriers prance and neigh:
The banner'd trumpets with a blast advance,
rousing men's bosoms from the gentle sway
of holy Peace to dire refulgent arms,
and down the dales reverb'erate War's alarms.[2]

[1] The Lixus river, now Al-kús of Marocco.
[2] Battle of Tarifa or Rio Salado, A.D. 1340.

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108 "Majestic marcheth, girt by all his powers,
th' insignia of his Royal state among,
valiant Afonso, and his tall form towers
by neck and shoulders taller than the throng;
his gest alone embraves the heart that cowers,
in his stout presence wax the weaklings strong:
Thus to Castilia's realm he leads his band,
with his fair daughter, Ladye of the Land.

109 "In fine when met the Kings, Afonsos twain,[1]
upon Tarifa's field, they stand to front
that swarming host of stone-blind heathen men,
for whom are small the meadows and the mount.
No sprite there liveth of so tough a grain,
but feels its faith and trust of small account,
did it not clearly see and fully know,
CHRIST by His servants' arms shall smite the foe.

110 "The seed of Hagar laughing, as it were,
to view the Christian pow'er so weak, so mean;
begins the lands, as though their own, to share
ere won, among the conqu'ering Hagarene;
such forgèd title and false style they bear
claiming the famous name of Saracene:
Thus with false reck'oning would they strip and spoil
calling it theirs, that noble alien soil.

[1] Fourth of Portugal and eleventh of Castile.

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111

"E'en so the barb'arous Giant huge and gaunt,
with cause to royal Saul so dread appearing
when seen the swordless Shepherd stand afront,
armed but with pebbles and with heart unfearing;
launchèd his sneer of pride and arr'ogant taunt
at the weak youngling's humble raiment jeering,
who, whirled the sling, soon read the lesson well,
how much shall Faith all human force excel:

112

"Thus do the Moormen, traitor-souls, despise
our Christian forces, nor can understand
how Heav'en's high fortress wonted aid affies,
which e'en horrific Hell may not withstand:
On this and on his skill Castile relies,
falls on Marocco's King, strikes hand to hand:
The Portingall, who holds all danger light,
makes the Granádan kingdom fear his might.

113

"Behold! the brandisht blade and lance at rest,
rang loud on coat and crest, a wild onsèt!
They cried, as each his several law confest,
these 'Sanct' Thiago!' and those 'Mahomet!'
The cries of wounded men the skies opprest,
whose flowing blood in ugly puddles met,
where other half-slain wretches drowning lay,
who dragged their shatter'd limbs from out the fray.

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" With such prevailing force the Lusian fought 114
the Gránadil, that in the shortest space
an utter ruin of his host was wrought;
ne fence, ne steely plate our strokes could face:
With such triumphant Vict'ory cheaply bought
unsatisfied, the Strong Arm [1] flies apace,
and timely aids Castilia's toiling pow'er,
still mixt in doubtful conflict with the Moor.

" Now brightly burning Sol had housed his wain 115
in Thetis' bower, and his slanting ray
sank westward, bearing Hesper in his train,
to close that rare and most memorious day:
When of the Moors those valiant Sovrans twain
the dense and dreadful squadrons swept away,
with such fell slaughter as ne'er told of Man
the page of Story since the world began.

" Ne'er could strong Marius e'en the quarter show, 116
of lives here victim'd by victorious Fate;
when to the river, red with gory glow,
he sent his thirsty Braves their drouth to sate:
Ne yet the Carthaginian, asp'erous foe
to Roman pow'er and cradled in her hate,
when slain so many Knights of noble Rome,
of their gold rings he sent three bushels home.

[1] *i.e.*, Portuguese Afonso.

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" And if sole thou so many souls to flit 117
couldst force, and seek Cocytus' reign of night,
when thou the Holy City didst acquit
of the base Júdean, firm in olden rite;
'twas that Jehovah's vengeance thus saw fit,
O noble Titus! not thine arm of might;
for thus inspirèd men had prophesied,
and thus by JESU's lips 'twas certified.

" Accomplishèd his act of arms victorious, 118
home to his Lusian realm Afonso sped,
to gain from Peace-tide triumphs great and glorious,
as those he gained in wars and battles dread;[1]
when the sad chance, on History's page memorious,
which can unsepulchre the sheeted dead,
befel that ill-starr'd miserable Dame
who, foully slain, a thronèd Queen became.

" Thou, only thou, pure Love, whose cruel might 119
obligeth human hearts to weal and woe,
thou, only thou, didst wreak such foul despight,
as though she were some foul perfidious foe.
Thy burning thirst, fierce Love, they say aright,
may not be quencht by saddest tears that flow;
nay, more, thy sprite of harsh tyrannick mood
would see thine altars bathed with human blood.

[1] " Peace with honour."

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" He placed thee, fair Ignèz ! in soft retreat, 120
culling the first-fruits of thy sweet young years,
in that delicious Dream, that dear Deceit,
whose long endurance Fortune hates and fears :
Hard by Mondego's yearned-for meads thy seat,
where linger, flowing still, those lovely tears,
until each hill-born tree and shrub confest
the name of Him deep writ within thy breast.[1]

"There, in thy Prince awoke responsive-wise 121
dear thoughts of thee which soul-deep ever lay ;
which brought thy beauteous form before his eyes,
whene'er those eyne of thine were far away :
Night fled in falsest, sweetest phantasies,
in fleeting, flying reveries sped the Day ;
and all, in fine, he saw or cared to see
were memories of his love, his joys, his thee.

" Of many a dainty dame and damosel 122
the coveted nuptial couches he rejecteth ;
for nought can e'er, pure Love ! thy care dispel,
when one enchanting shape thy heart subjecteth.
These whims of passion to despair compel
the Sire, whose old man's wisdom aye respecteth,
his subjects murmuring at his son's delay
to bless the nation with a bridal day.

[1] Writing his name upon the tree-trunks and leaves.

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"To wrench Ignèz from life he doth design, 123
better his captured son from her to wrench;
deeming that only blood of death indign
the living lowe of such true Love can quench.
What Fury willed it that the steel so fine,
which from the mighty weight would never flinch
of the dread Moorman, should be drawn in hate
to work that hapless delicate Ladye's fate?

"The horr'ible Hangmen hurried her before 124
the King, now moved to spare her innocence;
but still her cruel murther urged the more,
the People swayed by fierce and false pretence.
She with her pleadings pitiful and sore,
that told her sorrows and her care immense
for her Prince-spouse and babes, whom more to leave
than her own death the mother's heart did grieve:

"And heav'enwards to the clear and chryst'alline skies,
raising her eyne with piteous tears bestainèd; [125
her eyne, because her hands with cruel ties
one of the wicked Ministers[1] constrainèd:
And gazing on her babes in wistful guise,
whose pretty forms she loved with love unfeignèd,
whose orphan'd lot the Mother filled with dread,
unto their cruel grandsire thus she said,—

[1] *In orig.*, *Ministros*, *i.e.* of wrath (?)

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" 'If the brute-creatures, which from natal day 126
on cruel ways by Nature's will were bent;
or feral birds whose only thought is prey,
upon aërial rapine all intent;
if men such salvage be'ings have seen display
to little children loving sentiment,
e'en as to Ninus' mother did befall,
and to the twain who rear'd the Roman wall:

" 'O thou, who bear'st of man the gest and breast, 127
(an it be manlike thus to draw the sword
on a weak girl, because her love imprest
his heart, who took her heart and love in ward);
respect for these her babes preserve, at least!
since it may not her òbscure death retard:
Moved be thy pitying soul for them and me,
although my faultless fault unmoved thou see!

" 'And if thou know'est to deal in direful fight 128
the doom of brand and blade to Moorish host,
know also thou to deal of life the light
to one who ne'er deserved her life be lost:
But an thou wouldst mine inn'ocence thus requite,
place me for aye on sad exilèd coast,
in Scythian sleet, on seething Libyan shore,
with life-long tears to linger evermore.

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" 'Place me where beasts with fiercest rage abound,— 129
Lyons and Tygers,—there, ah! let me find
if in their hearts of flint be pity found,
denied to me by heart of humankind.
there with intrinsic love and will so fond
for him whose love is death, there will I tend
these tender pledges whom thou see'st; and so
shall the sad mother cool her burning woe.'

" Inclin'ed to pardon her the King benign, 130
moved by this sad lament to melting mood;
but the rude People and Fate's dure design
(that willed it thus) refused the pardon sued:
They draw their swords of steely temper fine,
they who proclaim as just such deed of blood:
Against a ladye, caitiff, felon wights!
how showed ye here, brute beasts or noble knights?

" Thus on Polyxena, that beauteous maid, 131
last solace of her mother's age and care,
when doom'd to die by fierce Achilles' shade,
the cruel Pyrrhus hasted brand to bare:
But she (a patient lamb by death waylaid),
with the calm glances which serene the air,
casts on her mother, mad with grief, her eyes
and silent waits that awesome sacrifice.

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"Thus dealt with fair Ignèz the murth'erous crew, 132
in th' alabastrine neck that did sustain
the charms whereby could Love the love subdue
of him, who crown'd her after death his Queen;
bathing their blades; the flow'ers of snowy hue,
which often wäter'ed by her eyne had been,
are blood-dyed; and they burn with blinding hate,
reckless of tortures stor'd for them by Fate.

"Well mightest shorn of rays, O Sun! appear 133
to fiends like these on day so dark and dire;
as when Thyestes ate the meats that were
his seed, whom Atreus slew to spite their sire.
And you, O hollow Valleys! doomed to hear
her latest cry from stiffening lips expire,—
her Pedro's name,—did catch that mournful sound,
whose echoes bore it far and far around!

"E'en as a Daisy sheen, that hath been shorn 134
in time untimely, floret fresh and fair,
and by untender hand of maiden torn
to deck the chaplet for her wreathèd hair;
gone is its odour and its colours mourn;
so pale and faded lay that Ladye there;
dried are the roses of her cheek, and fled
the white live colour, with her dear life dead.

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" Mondego's daughter-Nymphs the death obscure 135
wept many a year, with wails of woe exceeding ;
and for long mem'ry changed to fountain pure,
the floods of grief their eyes were ever feeding :
The name they gave it, which doth still endure,
revived Ignèz, whose murthered love lies bleeding,
see yon fresh fountain flowing 'mid the flowers,
tears are its waters, and its name " Amores ! " [1]

" Time ran not long, ere Pedro saw the day 136
of vengeance dawn for wounds that ever bled ;
who, when he took in hand the kingly sway,
eke took the murth'erers who his rage had fled :
Them a most cruel Pedro did betray ;
for both, if human life the foemen dread,
made concert savage and dure pact, unjust as
Lepidus made with Anth'ony and Augustus.

" This in his judgments rig'orous and severe, 137
plunder, advoutries, murtherers supprest :
To stay with cruel grasp Crime's dark career,
bred sole assurèd solace in his breast :
A Justiciary, not by love but fear,
he guarded Cities from haught tyrant-pest ;
their doom more robbers dree'd by his decrees
than Theseus slew, or vagueing Hercules.

[1] The famous *Fonte-dos-Amores*, near Coimbra.

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" Pedro, the harshly just, begets the bland, 138
(see what exceptions lurk in Nature's laws !)
remiss, and all-regardless prince, Fernand,
who ran his realm in danger's open jaws :
For soon against the weak, defenceless land
came the Castilian, who came nigh to cause
the very ruin of the Lusian reign ;
for feeble Kings enfeeble strongest strain.

" Or 'twas the wages Sin deserves of Heaven, 139
that filchèd Léonor from marriage bed,
by false, misunderstood opinions driven
another's wife, a leman-bride to wed ;
Or 'twas because his easy bosom given
to vice and vileness, and by both misled,
waxèd effeminate weak ; which may be true,[1]
for low-placed loves the highest hearts subdue.

" Of such offences ever paid the pain 140
many, whom God allowed or willèd He;
those who fared forth to force the fair Helèn ;
Appius and Tarquin, eke, such end did see :
Say, why should David of the saintly strain
so blame himself? What felled th' illustrious tree
of Benjamin ? Full well the truth design a
Pharaoh for Sara, Sichem for a Dinah.

[1] *E bem parece*,—ambiguous.

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"But if so weakeneth forceful human breast 141
illicit Love, which spurns the golden mean,
well in Alcmena's son we find the test
as Omphalé disguis'ed to hero-quean.
Anthony's fame a shade of shame confest,
to Cleopatra bound by love too keen;
nor less thou, Punick victor! wast betray'd
by low allegiance to some Puglian maid.

"Yet say who, peradventure, shall secure 142
his soul from Cupid armed with artful snare
'mid the live roses, human snow so pure,
the gold and alabaster chrystal-clare?
who 'scapeth Beauty's wiles and per'egrine lure,
the true Medusa-face so awful fair,
which man's imprison'd, witch-bound heart can turn
no, not to stone, but flames that fiercely burn?

"Who se'eth a firm-fixt glance, a gesture bland, 143
soft promises of angel-excellence,
the soul transforming aye by charmed command;
say, who from pow'er like this can find defence?
Pardie, he scantly blameth King Fernand
who pays, as he did, Love's experience:
But human Judgment would, if fancy-free,
adjudge his laches even worse to be.

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CANTO IV.

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ARGUMENT

OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

DA GAMA pursueth his discourse with the King of Melinde, and relateth the wars between Portugal and Castile, touching the succession to the throne, after the death of the king, D. Fernando: Military feats of the Constable, D. Nuno Alvares Pereira: Battle and victory of Aljubarrota: Diligent attempts to discover India by land, in the days of the king D. Joam II.: How the king D. Manoel gained this end by resolving upon the present voyage: Preparations for it: Embarkation and farewells of the navigators upon the Belem beach.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Acclamado João, de Pedro herdeiro,
Convoca Leonor ao Castelhano:
Oppoem-se Nuno, intrepido guerreiro;
Da-se batalha, vence o Lusitano:
Quem a Aurora buscar tentou primeiro
Pelas tumidas ondas do Oceano;
E como ao Gama coube esta alta empreza,
Por affinar a gloria Portugueza.

Joam acclaimèd to be Pedro's heir, (1—5)
Léonor craveth aidance of Castile: (6—13)
Withstandeth Nuno, warrior sans fear, (14—22)
They fight; and conquest crowns the Lusian's weal: (23—47)
Who first went forth the Morning-land to spere
And through the tumid flood his way to feel; (60—66)
And how to Gama fell the great emprize,
To gar our Port'ugal's glory higher rise. (77—end)

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CANTO IV.

"AFTER the horrors of the stormy Night, 1
with gloom, and lightning-gleams, and hiss of wind,
breaks lovely Morning's pure and blessèd light,
with hope of haven and sure rest to find:
Sol banisheth the dark obscure from sight,
laying the terror of man's timid mind:
Thus to the doughty kingdom it befel,
when King Fernando bade this world farewell.

"For, if so many with such hopes were firèd 2
for one whose potent arm their harms could pay
on those, that wrought their wrongs with soul untirèd,
nerved by Fernando's heedless, feeble way;
in shortest time it happed as they desirèd,
when ever-glorious John arose to sway,
the only heir that did from Pedro spring,
and (though a bastard) every inch a King.

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"That such accession came from Heaven divine 3
proved 'special marvels, God His truth proclaiming,
when Ev'ora city saw the choicest sign,
a babe of age unspeech'd the ruler naming;
and, but to show the Heav'en's supreme design,
she raised her cradled limbs and voice, exclaiming,—
'Portugal! Port'ugal!' high uplifting hand,
'for the new king, Dom John, who rules the land.'

"Changèd in sprite were all within the Reign, 4
old hatreds firing hearts with novel flame;
absolute cruelties none cared restrain
popular Fury dealt to whence it came:
Soon are the friends and kith and kinsmen slain
of the adult'erous County and the Dame,
with whom incont'inent love and lust unblest,
the wappen'd widow showèd manifest.

"But he, dishonour'd and with cause, at last 5
by cold white weapon falls before her eyes,
and with him many to destruction past;
for flame so kindled all consuming flies:
This, like Astyánax, is headlong cast
from the tall steeple ('spite his dignities);
whom orders, altar, honours, nought avail;
those through the highways torn and stript they trail.

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"Now long Oblivion veils the deeds accurst 6
of mortal fierceness, such as Rome beheld,
done by fierce Marius, or the bloody thirst
of Sylla, when parforce his foe expel'd.
Thus Léonor, who mortal vengeance nurst
for her dead County gars, with fury swell'd,
Castilia's force on Lusitania fall,
calling her daughter heir of Portugal.

"Beatrice was the daughter, interwed 7
with the Castilian, who for kingship greedeth,
putative offspring of Fernando's bed,
if evil Fame so much to her concedeth.
Hearing the voice, Castile high raiseth head,
and saith this daughter to her sire succeedeth;
for warfare must'ereth she her warrior bands
from various regions and from various lands.

"They flock from all the Province, by one Brigo[1] 8
(if such man ever was) yclept of yore;
and lands by Ferd'inand won, and Cid Rodrigo
from the tyrannick gov'ernance of the Moor.
Little in fear of warlike feat doth he go
who with hard plowshare cleaving lordeth o'er
the champaign Leonèze, and boasts to be
the blight and bane of Moorish chivalry.

[1] Bryx or Brigus, whence Bragança.

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"In Valour's ancient fame the Vandal host, 9
confident still and stubborn, 'gan appear
from all Andalusía's head and boast,
laved by thy chrystal wave, Guadalquivir!
the noble Island[1] eke, whilere the post
of Tyrian strangers, to the war drew near,
bringing insignia by renown well known,
Hercules' Pillars on their pennons shown.

"Eke come they trooping from Toledo's reign, 10
City of noble, ancient or'igin, span'd
by Tagus circling with his sweet glad vein,
that bursts and pours from Conca's[2] mountain-land.
You also, you, all craven fear disdain
sordid Gallegos! hard and canny band,
for stern resistance fast to arms ye flew,
warding their doughty blows whose weight ye knew.

"Eke War's black Furies hurried to the fight 11
the fierce Biscayan folk, who clean despise
all polisht reasons, and ne wrong ne slight
of stranger races bear in patient guise.
Asturias-land and that Guipusc'oan hight,
proud of the mine which iron ore supplies,
with it their haughty sworders armed and made
ready their rightful lords i' the war to aid.

[1] Isla de Leon = Gades, Cadiz.
[2] The Spanish Cuenca, concha, a shell.

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"John in whose bosom Peril only grows 12
the strength Jew Sampson borrow'd of his hair,
though all he hath be few to fight his foes,
yet bids his few for battle-gage prepare:
And, not that counsel fails when danger shows,
with his chief lords he counsels on th' affair,
but drift of inner thoughts he seeks and finds;
for 'mid the many there be many minds.

"Nor lack their reas'onings who would disconcert 13
opinions firmly fixt in pop'ular will,
whose weal of ancient valour is convèrt
to an unusèd and disloyal ill:
Men in whose hearts Fear, gelid and inert,
reigneth, which faith and truth were wont to fill:
Deny they King and Country; and, if tried,
they had (as Peter did) their God denied.

"But ne'er did such denial-sin appear 14
in noble Nuno Alv'ares, nay, instead,—
although his brothers show'd default so clear,—
he fiercely chid the fickle hearts misled;
and to the lieges steeped in doubt and fear,
with phrase more forceful than fine-drawn he said,
too fere for facund, as he bared his glave,
threating Earth, seas, and sphere with ban and brave:—

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" 'What! 'mid the noble sons of Portugale 15
that nills to strike for freedom beats a heart?
What! in this province which the nations all
crowned War's princess in ev'ery earthly part
breathes, who his aid denies, such nid'ering thrall?
renaying faith and love, and force and art
of Portingall; and, be whate'er the cause,
would see his country keep the stranger's laws?

" 'What! flows not still within your veins the blood 16
of the brave soldiers who 'neath banners borne
by great Henriques[1] fierce with hero-mood,
this valiant race in war did ever scorn
When tane so many banners, and withstood
so many foemen, who such losses mourn,
that seven noble Yarls were forced to yield
their swords besides the spoils that strewed the field?

" 'Say you, by whom were alway trodden down 17
these, now who seem to tread adown on you;
for Diniz and his son of high renown,
save by your sires' and grandsires' derring-do?
Then if by sin or sore neglect o'erthrown
so could your olden force Fernand undo,
to you fresh forces this new King shall bring;
an it be sooth that Subjects change with King.

[1] Afonso I., son of D. Henrique (Canto iii., 35).

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" 'Such King ye have, that an ye courage have 18
equal his kingly heart ye raised to reign,
all en'emies shall ye rout so be ye brave,
much more the routed, eath to rout again:
But an such noble thought no more may save
your souls from pen'etrant Fear to bosom tane,
the craven hands of seely terrors tie,
this stranger's yoke I, only I, defy.

" 'I with my vassals only, and my brand 19
(this said, his dreadful blade he bared mid-way)
against the high and hostile force will stand,
that threats a kingdom strange to stranger sway:
By virtue of my Liege, my mourning Land,
of Loyalty denied by you this day
I'll conquer all, not only these my foes,
but whatsoever durst my King oppose.'

" E'en as the Youths who 'scaping Cannæ-field,— 20
its only remnants,—to Canusium fled
despairing, and well-nigh disposed to yield,
and hail the Carthaginian vict'ory-led,
the young Cornelius to their faith appeal'd,
and took his comrades' oath upon his blade
the Roman arms t' uphold as long as life
hold, or hath pow'er to 'scape the mortal strife:

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" Forceth the Folk enforcèd in such wise 21
Nuno, and when his final words they hear,
th' ice-cold and sullen humour sudden flies,
that curdled spirits with a coward fear:
To mount the beast Neptunian all arise,
charging and tossing high the lance and spear;
they run and shout with open-mouthèd glee,—
'Long live the famous King who sets us free!'

" O' the pop'ular classes not a few approve 22
the War their natal land and home sustains:
These fare to furbish armours, and remove
injurious rust, of Peace the biting stains;
they quilt their morions, plates for breast they prove;
each arms himself e'en as his fancy fain 's;
while those on coats with thousand colours bright,
the signs and symbols of their loves indite.

" With all this lustrous Company enrol'd 23
from fresh Abrantès sallies John the Brave,
Abrantès, fed by many a fountain cold
of Tagus rolling sweet abundant wave.
The vanguard-knights commands that warrior bold
by Nature fittest made command to have
of th' Oriental hordes withouten count,
wherewith Sir Xerxes crost the Hellespont:

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"I say Don Nuno, who appearèd here 24
the proudest scourger of that prideful Spain,
as was in olden days the Hun so fere,
curse of the Frankish, of Italian men.
Followed another far-famed cavalier
who led the dexter phalanx Lusitane,
apt to dispose them, prompt to lead his fellows,
Mem Rodrigues they call de Vasconcéllos.

"While of the Knights in corresponding flank 25
Antám Vasqués d'Almáda hath command,
to Avranches' Earldom rose anon his rank,
who holds the Lusian host's sinistral hand.
Nor far the banner from men's notice shrank
in rear, where Cinques by Castles[1] bordered stand
with John the King, who shows a front so dread
E'en Mars must learn to hide his 'minished head.

"Linèd the rempart[2] groups of trembling fair, 26
whom hopes and fears alternate heat and freeze,
mothers and sisters, wives and brides in pray'er,
with fasts and pilgrim-vows the Heav'ens to please.
And now the Squadrons wont the war to dare,
affront the serrièd hosts of enemies,
who meet this onset with a mighty shout;
while all are whelmed in dreadful direful doubt.

[1] The Castles were added in A.D. 1252.
[2] Of Abrantes town; battle of Aljubarrota, A.D. 1385.

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" Messenger-trumpets to the cries reply, 27
and sibilant fife, and drum, and atambor;
while Antients wave their flags, and banners fly
with many-colour'd legends 'broidered o'er.
'Twas fruity August when the days be dry,
and Ceres heaps the peasant's threshing-floor,
August, when Sol Astræa's mansion reigneth;[1]
and the sweet must of grapes Lyæus straineth.

" Sudden Castilia's trump the signal gave 28
horribly fearful, sounding tem'erous dread:
Heard it the Hill Artábrus;[2] and his wave
Guadiana rollèd backwards as he fled:
O'er Douro and Transtagan lands it drave;
Tagus sore agitated seaward sped;
while mothers trembling at the terr'ible storm
embraced with tighter arm each tiny form.

" How many faces there wan waxt and white, 29
whose fainting hearts the friendly life-blood cheerèd!
For in dire danger Fear hath more of might,—
the fear of danger,—than the danger fearèd:
If not, it seemeth so; when rage of fight
man's sprite to quell or kill the foe hath stirrèd,
it makes him all unheed how high the cost
were loss of limb, or dear life rashly lost.

[1] Sol in Libra.
[2] Cape Rocca-de-Cintra.

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"Battle's uncertain work begins; and move 30
right wings on either part to take the plain;
these fighting to defend the land they love,
those eggèd on by hope that land to gain:
Soon great Pereira, who would foremost prove
the knightly valour of his noble strain;
charges and shocks, and strews the field till sown
with those who covet what is not their own.

"Now in the dust-blurred air with strident sound 31
bolts, arrows, darts and man'ifold missiles fly;
beneath the destrier's horny hoof the ground
quaketh in terror, and the dales reply;
shiver the lances; thundereth around
the frequent crash of fellèd armoury;
foes on the little force redoubling fall
of Nuno fierce, who makes great numbers small.

"See! there his brethren meet him in the fray: 32
(Fierce chance and cruel case!) But dreads he nought;
right little were it brother-foe to slay,
who against King and Country trait'orous fought:
Amid these ren'egades not a few that day
war in the foremost squadrons fury-fraught
against their brethren and their kin (sad Fate!)
as in great Julius' warfare with the Great.[1]

[1] Pompey, Canto III., 62.

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"O thou, Sertorius! O great Coriolane! 33
Catiline! all ye hosts of bygone age,
who 'gainst your Fatherland with hearts profane
ragèd with rav'ening parricidal rage;
if where Sumánus holds his dismal reign
most dreadful torments must your sin assuage,
tell him, that e'en our Portugal sometimes
suckled some traitors guilty of your crimes.

"Here doth the foremost of our lines give way, 34
so many foemen have its force opprest:
There standeth Nuno, brave as Ly'on at bay,
where Africk Ceita rears her hilly crest;
who sees the 'circling troop of cavalry,
over the Tetu'an plain to chace addrest;
and raging as they couch the deadly spear
seems somewhat stirred, but hides all craven fear:

"With sidelong glance he sights them, but his spleen 35
ferine forbids the King of Beasts to show
a craven back; nay, rather on the screen
of plumping lances leaps he as they grow.
So stands our Knight, who stains and soils the green
with alien gore-streams: On that field lie low
some of his own; howe'er with valour dowerèd
hearts lose their virtue by such odds o'erpowerèd.

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" John felt the danger and the dure affront 36
of Nuno; straight like Captain wise and ware,
he rushed afield, viewed all, and in the brunt
with words and works taught men fresh deeds to dare.
As nursing Ly'oness, fere and fierce of front,
who, left for chase her whelps secure in lair,
findeth while for'aging for their wonted food
Massylian[1] hind hath dared to rob her brood:

" Runs, frantick raging, while her roar and moan 37
make the Seven-Brother Mountains[2] shake and rave.
So John with other chosen troop hath flown
foeward his dexter wing t' enforce and save:
'Oh strong Companions! Souls of high renown!
Cavaliers braver than what men hold brave,
strike for your country! now all earthly chance,
all hope of Liberty is on your lance!'

" 'Behold me here, your Comrade and your King, 38
who 'mid the spear and harness, bolt and bow,
foremost I charge and first myself I fling;
smite, ye true Portughuese, deal yet one blow!'
Thus spake that great-soul'd Warrior, brandishing
four times his lance before the final throw;
and, thrusting forceful, by that single thrust
lanceth such wounds that many bite the dust.

[1] Numidian.
[2] Montes-Sete-Irmãos, near Tangier.

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"For, see, his soldiers brent with ardour new, 39
honoured repentance, honourable fire,
who shall display most courage staid and true,
and dare the dangers dealt by Mars his ire
contend: The steel that catcheth flamey hue,
aims first at plate, then at the breast aims higher;
thus, wounds they give and wounds they take again;
and, dealing Death, in Death they feel no pain.

"Many are sent to sight the Stygian wave, 40
into whose bodies entered iron Death:
Here dieth Sanct' Iágo's Master brave,
who fought with fiercest sprite till latest breath;
another Master dire of Calatrave,
horrid in cruel havock, perisheth:
Eke the Pereiras foully renegate
die God denying and denouncing Fate.

"Of the vile, nameless Vulgar many bleed; 41
flitting with Gentles to the Gulf profound;
where hungers, rav'ening with eternal greed,
for passing human Shades the three-head Hound:
And humbling more that haughty, arr'ogant breed,
and better taming enemies furibund,
Castilia's Gonfanon sublime must fall
beneath the forceful foot of Portugall.

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" Here [1] wildest Battle hath its cruel'est will, 42
with deaths and shouts, and slash and gory shower ;
the multitud'inous Braves, who 're killed and kill,
rob of their proper hues the bloom and flower :
At length they fly ! they die ! now waxeth still
War's note, while lance and spear have lost their power :
Castilia's King the fate of pride must own,
seeing his purpose changed, his host o'erthrown.

" The field he leaveth to the Conqueror, 43
too glad his life had not been left in fight :
Follow him all who can ; and panick sore
lends them not feet, but feather'd wings for flight :
Their breasts are fillèd with a wild doloùr,
for Deaths, for Treasure waste in wanton plight ;
for woe, disgust, and foul dishonour's soil
to see the Victor rev'elling in their spoil.

" Some fly with furious curses, and blaspheme 44
him who the World with Warfare made accurst ;
others that cov'etous breast all culp'able deem
for Greed enquicken'd by his selfish thirst.
That, alien wealth to win, with sore extreme
he plunged his hapless folk in woes the worst ;
leaving so many wives and mothers, lorn
of sons and spouses, evermore to mourn.

[1] Around the Royal banner.

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" Campèd our conqu'ering John the 'customed days 45
on foughten field, in glory of the brave;
then with vowed pilgrimage, gift, pray'er, and praise,
he gave Him graces who such vict'ory gave.
But Nuno, willing not by peaceful ways
on human memory his name to 'grave,
but by his sovran feats of war, commands
his men pass over to Transtágan lands.

" His gallant project favoureth Destiny, 46
making effect commensurate with cause;
the Lands that bordered by the Vandals lie
yielding their treasures bow before his laws:
Now Bætic banners which Seville o'erfly,
and flags of various princes, without pause,
all trail foot-trampled; naught their force availeth
whate'er the forceful Portingall assaileth.[1]

" By these and other Victories opprest, 47
Castilia's lieges long deplored their woes;
when Peace by all desired and gentle Rest,
to grant their vanquisht fone the Victors chose;
then seemed it good to His almighty hest
that the contending Sovrans should espouse
two royal Damsels born of English race,
Princesses famed for honour, form, and grace.

[1] Battle of Valverde.

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"Nills the brave bosom, used to bloody broil, 48
the lack of foeman who his force shall dree;
and thus, Earth holding none to slay and spoil,
he carries conquest o'er the unconquer'd Sea.
First of our Kings is he who left the soil
patrial, teaching Africk's Paynimry,
by dint of arms, how much in word and deed
the Laws of CHRIST Mafamed's laws exceed.

"See! thousand swimming Birds the silv'ery plain 49
of Thetis cleave, and spurn her fume and fret,
with bellied wings to seize the wind they strain,
where his extremest mete Alcides set:
Mount Abyla, and dight with tow'er and fane
Ceita, they seize, ignoble Mahomet
they oust: and thus our gen'eral Spain secure
from Julian-craft,[1] disloyal and impure.

"Death granted not to Portugal's desire 50
Hero so happy long should wear the crown;
but soon th' angelick Host and heav'enly Choir
a home in highest Heaven made his own:
To ward his Lusia, and to raise her higher,
He who withdrew him left the goodly boon,—
building our country on her broadest base,—
of noble Infants a right royal Race.

[1] Canto III., 101.

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" Noways so happy was Duarte's fate, 51
what while he rose the royal rank to fill:
Thus troublous Time doth ever alternate
pleasure with pain, and temper good with ill.
What man hath lived through life in joyous state,
who firmness finds in Fortune's fickle will?
Yet to this Kingdom and this King she deignèd
spare the vicissitudes her laws ordainèd.

" Captive he saw his brother, hight Fernand, 52
the Saint aspiring high with purpose brave,
who as a hostage in the Sara'cen's hand,
betrayed himself his 'leaguer'd host to save.
He lived for purest faith to Fatherland
the life of noble Ladye sold a slave,
lest bought with price of Ceita's potent town
to publick welfare be preferred his own.

" Codrus, lest foemen conquer, freely chose 53
to yield his life and, conqu'ering self, to die;
Regulus, lest his land in aught should lose,
lost for all time all hopes of liberty;
this, that Hispania might in peace repose,
chose lifelong thrall, eterne captivity:
Codrus nor Curtius with man's awe for meed,
nor loyal Decii ever dared such deed.

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" Afonso, now his kingdom's only heir,— 54
a name of Vict'ory on our Spanish strand,—
who, the haught fierceness of the Moor's frontier
to lowest mis'ery tamed with mighty hand,
pardie, had been a peerless cavalier
had he not lusted after Ebro-land :
But still shall Africk say, 't were hopeless feat
on battle-plain such terr'ible King to beat.

" This could pluck Golden Apples from the bough, 55
which only he in Tiryns born could pluck :
He yoked the salvage Moor, and even now
the salvage Moorman's neck must bear his yoke.
Still palms and greeny bays begird his brow
won from the barb'arous raging hosts that flock,
Alcacèr's fortèd town with arms to guard,
Tangier the pop'ulous, and Arzille the hard.

" All these by gallant deeds, in fine, were gainèd, 56
and low lay ev'ery diamantine wall
anent the Portingalls, now taught and trainèd
to throw the Pow'er that lists to try a fall :
Such extreme marvels by strong arms attainèd,—
right worthy el'oquent scripture one and all,—
the gallant Cavaliers, whose Gestes of glory
added a lustre to our Lusian story.

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" But soon, ambition-madded, goaded on 57
by Passion of Dominion bitter-sweet,
he falls on Ferdinand of Aragon,[1]
Castile's haught kingdom hoping to defeat.
The swarming hostile crowds their armour don,
the proud and various races troop and meet,
from Cadiz fast to tow'ering Pyrenee,
who bow to Ferdinand the neck and knee.

" Scornèd an idler in the realm to rest 58
the youthful John ; who taketh early heed
to aid his greedy father with his best,
and sooth, came th' aidance at the hour of need.
Issued from bloody battle's terr'ible test
with brow unmoved, serene in word and deed
maugre defeat, the Sire, that man of blood,
while 'twixt the rivals Vict'ory doubtful stood :

" For-that of valiant princely vein his son, 59
a gentle, stalwart, right magnan'imous Knight,
when to th' opponents he such harm had done,
one whole day campèd on the field of fight.
Thus from Octavian [2] was the vict'ory won,
while Anthony, his mate, was Victor hight,
when they the murth'erers who the Cæsar slew,
upon Philippi-field the deed made rue.

[1] " Saint " Ferdinand.
[2] Octavius.

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"But as thro' gathered shades of Night eterne 60
Afonso sped to realms of endless joy,
the Prince who rose to rule our realm in turn
was John the Second and the thirteenth Roy.
This, never-dying Glory's meed to earn,
higher than ventured mortal man to fly,
ventured; who sought those bounds of ruddy Morn,
which I go seeking, this my voyage-bourne.

"Envoys commiss'ioneth he, who passing o'er 61
Hispania, Gaul, and honoured Italy,
took ship in haven of th' illustrious shore
where erst inhumèd lay Parthenopè;
Naples, whose Dest'iny was decreed of yore,
the var'ious stranger's slave and thrall to be,
and rise in honour when her years are full
by sovereign Hispania's noble rule.

"They cleave the bright blue waves of Sic'ulan deeps; 62
by sandy marge of Rhodos-isle they go;
and thence debark they where the cliffy steeps
are still enfam'd for Magnus here lain low:[1]
To Memphis wend they, and the land that reaps
crops which fat Nylus' flood doth overflow;
and climb 'yond Egypt to those Æthiop heights
where men conserve CHRIST's high and holy rites.

[1] Pompey's tomb on Mount Casius (Baalzephon).

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"And eke they pass the waters Erythréan, 63
where past the shipless peoples Israelite;
remain arear the ranges Nabathéan,
which by the name of Ishmael's seed are hight:
Those odoriferous incense-coasts Sabæan,
dainty Adonis' Mother's dear delight,
they round, and all of Happy Ar'aby known,
leaving the Waste of Sand and Reign of Stone.

"They push where still preserveth Persic Strait, 64
confusèd Babel's darkling memory;
there, where the Tygre blendeth with Euphràte,
which from their head-streams hold their heads so high.
Thence fare they his pure stream to find, whose fate
'twill be to deal such length of history,
Indus, and cross that breadth of Ocean-bed
where daring Trajan never darèd tread.

"Strange tribes they saw, and through wild peoples past 65
Gedrosian, and Carmanian, and of Inde;
seeing the various custom, various caste,
which ev'ery Region beareth in her kind.
But from such asp'erous ways, such voyage vast
man finds not facile safe return to find:
In fine, there died they and to natal shore,
to home, sweet home, returned they nevermore.[1]

[1] Explorers' epitaph!

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" Reserved, meseemeth, Heav'en's clear-sighting will 66
for Man'oel, worthy of such goodly meed,
this arduous task, and stirred him onward still
to stirring action and illustrious deed:
Man'oel, who rose the throne of John to fill,
and to his high resolves did eke succeed,
forthwith when taken of his realm the charge,
took up the conquest of the Ocean large:

" The same, as one obliged by a noble Thought, 67
the debt of Honour left as 'heritance
by predecessors, (who in life aye fought
their own dear land's best interests to advance)
ne'er for a moment failèd of his fraught,—
Obligement;—at what hour Day's radiance
pales, and the nitid Stars on high that rise,
with falling courses woo man's sleep-worn eyes;

" Already being on bed of gold recline'd 68
where Fancy worketh with prophetick strain;
revolving matters in his restless mind,
the bounden duties of his race and reign;
Sleep, soft restorer, comes his eyne to bind,
while thought and mem'ory both unbound remain;
for, as his weary lids sweet slumber sealeth,
Morpheus in varied forms himself revealeth.

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" Here seems the King so high to soar away, 69
that touched his head the nearest primal Sphere,[1]
where worlds of vision 'neath his glances lay,
nations of vasty numbers, strange and fere :
and there right near the birthplace of the Day,
unto his outstretched eyne began appear,
from distant, olden, cloud-compelling mountains
flowing, a twain of high, deep, limpid fountains.

" Birds of the feral kind, and kine, and flocks, 70
'bode in the shadows of the shaggy wood :
A thousand herbs and trees with gnarled stocks,
barring the paths of passing mortals stood.
Adverse had ever been those mountain-rocks
to human intercourse, and clearly show'd,
never since Adam sinned against our days,
brake foot of man this breadth of bosky maze.

" From out the Fountains seemed he to behold 71
for him inclining, with long hasty stride,
two Men, who showèd old and very old,
of aspect rustick yet with lordly pride :
Adown their twistèd pointed locks slow roll'd
gouts which their bodies bathed on ev'ery side ;
the skin of earthy texture, dark and dull ;
the beard hirsute, unshorn, but long and full.

[1] That of the Moon.

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These hoary Fathers round their foreheads bore 72
tree-boughs, with unknown shrub and herb entwine'd;
and one a worn and wearied aspect wore,
as though from regions lying far behind:
And thus his waters which did slower pour
seemèd adown the further side to wind:
E'en thus Alpheus from Arcádia fled
to Syracuse and Arethusa's bed.

"This, who with graver gait and gesture came, 73
thus from a distance to the Monarch crieth:
'O thou! whose sceptre and whose crown shall claim,
of Earth a mighty part that guarded lieth;
we twain, who fly through mouths of men by Fame,
we, whose untamèd neck man's yoke defieth,
warn thee, O King! 'tis time to send commands,
and raise large tribute from our natal lands.

"'Illustrious Gange am I, whose farthest fount 74
in realms celestial, heav'enly heights, I trace:
And yon stands Indus, King, who on the mount
which thou regardest, hath of birth his place.
Thou shalt hard warfare wage on our account;
but, still insisting ev'ery fear to face,
with ne'er seen conquests, and sans soil or stain,
the tribes thou viewest thou shalt curb and rein.'

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"No more that holy noble River said; 75
both in a moment fade and disappear:
Awaketh Manoel in novel dread,
and big o'erchargèd thoughts ybred of fear.
Meanwhile his glitt'ering mantle Phœbus spread
upon the sombre somn'olent hemisphere;
Dawn comes and o'er the gloomy welkin showers
blushings of modest rose, and fiery flowers.

"The King in counsel calls his lords to meet, 76
and of the vision'd figures news imparts;
the holy Elder's words he doth repeat,
which with a mighty marvel heaves their hearts.
All straight resolve t' equip a sturdy fleet,
that men, well skilled in navigator-arts,
should cut the stubborn Main and forth should fare
in search of novel climes and novel air.

"I, who right little deemed, forsooth, to find 77
myself attaining hopes my Sprite desirèd;
yet mighty matters of such cunning kind
my heart presaging promised and inspirèd;
e'en now ken not, or how or why design'd,
or for what happy chance in me admirèd,
that famous Monarch chose me, gave to me
of this grave, gracious enterprize the key.

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78 "And with fair offer coucht in courteous phrase,—
lordly command obliging more than laws,—
he said: 'In exploits dure and daring ways
who woo most perils win the most applause:
Riskt life enfameth man with highest praise
or lost in HONOUR'S, not in honours', cause;
And, when to blighting Fear it never bends,
short it may be, yet more its length extends.

79 "'Thee from a chosen host have chosen I
the dangers claimed by thee to undergo:
'Tis heavy travail, hard, heroick, high;
which love of me shall lighten, well I trow.'
I could not suffer more:—'Great King!' I cry,
'to face the steel-clad host, sword, lance, fire, snow,
for thee were thing so slight, my sole annoy
is to see trivial life so vain a toy.

80 "'Imagine ev'ery wildest aventure,
such as Eurystheus for Alcídes plan'd:
Cleone's Lyon, Harpies foul and dour,
and Boar of Erymanth and Hydra ban'd;
in fine to seek those empty shades obscure
where Styx surrounds of Dis the dire Dead-land;
the greatest danger and the deadliest brunt,
for thee, O King! this soul, this flesh would front.'

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" His thanks and costly gifts on me bestows 81
the King, whose reason lauds my ready will ;
for Valour fed on praises lives and grows,
Praise is the noble Spirit's spur and spell.
At once to share my fortunes doth propose,
whom friendship and fraternal love compel,
nor less resolved to win him name and fame, a
dear trusty brother namèd Paul da Gama.

" Eke Nicholas Coelho volunteers, 82
trainèd to toilsome tasks and sufferings long ;
both are in valour and in counsel peers,
in arms experienced, and in battle strong.
Now choicest hands in Youthtide's gen'erous years,
lusting for Bravery's meed around me throng ;
doughty, high-mettled, as doth best become
advent'urous manhood that would tempt such doom.

" All these by Man'oel's hand remun'erate were, 83
that Love through Duty might the more increase ;
and with high words each heart was fired to bear
adventures, peradventure, sans surcease.
Thus did the Minyæ for their feat prepare,—
to gain the glories of the Golden Fleece,—
orac'ulous Argo-ship, that dared the first
through Euxine waves her vent'urous way to burst.

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" Now in famed Ulysséa's haven man'd, 84
with raptures worthy of the great design
(where his sweet liquor and his snowy sand
our Tagus blendeth with Neptunian brine),
ride the ships ready. Here my strong young band
by fear unbridled glad in labour join;
for those of Mars and Neptune,[1] one and all,
the world would wander did I only call.

" Fast by the foreshore comes the soldiery 85
in various colours prankt with various art;
nor less enforced by inner force are they
to seek and see Earth's unexplorèd part.
Round the good Navy gentle breezes play
and blithely waves each airy estandart:
They[2] swear, far-gazing on the breadth of brine,
'mid stars Olympick Argo-like to shine.

" When all prepared according to this sort 86
with what of wants such lengthy way demandeth,
our souls we did prepare for Death's disport
who before seaman's eyne for ever standeth:
To the Most Highest, throned in Heaven's court
which He sustains, whose glance this globe commandeth,
that He, our guard and guide, His aidance lend,
we prayed, and see our incept to its end.

[1] The soldiers and sailors then being different services.
[2] *i.e.*, the ships.

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87

"Thus we departed from the saintly Shrine [1]
built on the margent of the briny wave,
named, for all mem'ory, from the Land Divine,
where God incarnèd came the world to save.
King! I assure thee when this mind of mine
rememb'ereth how 'twas ours those shores to leave,
filled are my sprite and heart with doubts and fears,
and eyes can hardly stay their trickling tears.

88

"The City-people on that saddest day
(these for their bosom-friends, and those for kin,
and others but spectators) thronged the way
sad and down-hearted at the dreary scene:
We, winding through the virtuous array
a thousand monks and priests of rev'erend mien,
praying, in solemn pageant, to the Lord,
afoot set forth the ready barques to board.

89

"On such long dubious courses sent to steer,
us deemed the people den'izens of the tomb;
the wailing women shed the piteous tear,
and sadly sighed the men to sight our doom:
Wives, sisters, mothers (most their hearts must fear
whose love is foremost) added to the gloom
Despair; and shudder'd with a freezing fright
lest we, their loved ones, aye be lost to sight.

[1] Old chapel of Belem (Bethlehem).

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" This, following, saith : ' O son ! I ever held 90
coolth of my sorrows and the sweet relief
of mine already weary way-worn eld
so soon to sink in glooms of need and grief;
why leave me thus to want and woe compel'd?
Why fly my love, fond child? whose days so brief
shall set in darkness, and in briny grave
shalt feed the fishes of the greedy wave.

" That, with loosed locks : ' O douce and dearest 91
spouse,
lacking whose love Lóve willeth not I live ;
why risk, when daring Ocean's wrath to rouse,
thy life, my life which is not thine to give?
How canst forget our fond fair marriage-vows?
Why face the waves a homeless fugitive?
Our love, our vain content shall nought avail
thrown to the breezes as they blow the sail?'

" With such and sim'ilar words that spake the tongue 92
of love and human nature's yearning woe,
followed our seaward path both old and young,
life's two extremes by Time made weak and slow.
Sad Echo wailèd the near wolds among,
as though hard hills were movèd grief to show :
And tears the snowy shore suchwise bedew'd,
drops rivall'd sands in equal multitude.

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" Of us the Company, ne'er raising eye 93
on wife or mother, marcht in such a state,
we feared our hearts fall faint, and fain we fly
our fixt resolves, repenting all too late:
Thus I determined straight aboard to hie,
sans ' Fare-thee-wells ' by custom consecrate;
which, though they be dear love's own lovely way,
redouble grief to those who go or stay.

" But now an agèd Sire of reverend mien,[1] 94
upon the foreshore throngèd by the crowd,
with eyne fast fixt upon our forms was seen,
and discontented thrice his brow he bow'd:
His deep-toned accents raising somewhat keen,
that we from shipboard hear him speak aloud,
with lore by long experience only grown,
thus from his time-taught breast he made his moan:—

" ' Oh craving of Command! Oh vain Desire! 95
of vainest van'ity man miscalleth Fame!
Oh fraud'ulent gust, so easy fanned to fire
by breath of vulgar, aping Honour's name!
What just and dreadful judgment deals thine ire,
to seely souls who overlove thy claim!
What deaths, what direful risks, what agonies
wherewith thou guerd'onest them, thy fitting prize!

[1] The " Old Man of Belem " is the people personified.

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96 "'Thou dour disturber of man's sprite and life,
fount of backsliding and adultery,
sagacious waster, and consummate thief
of subjects, kingdoms, treasure, empery:
They hail thee noble, and they hail thee chief,
though digne of all indignities thou be;
they call thee Fame and Glory sovereign,
words, words, the heart of silly herd to gain!

97 "'What new disaster dost thou here design?
What horror for our realm and race invent?
What unheard dangers or what deaths condign,
veiled by some name that soundeth excellent?
What bribe of gorgeous reign, and golden mine,
whose ready offer is so rarely meant?
What Fame hast promised them? what pride of story?
What palms? what triumphs? what victorious glory?

98 "'But oh! race 'gendered by his sin insane,
whom disobedience of the high command,
not only chasèd from the heav'enly reign,
and doomed to distant and exilèd land;
but, eke, from other state too blest for men
where Peace with Innocence fared hand in hand,
that olden golden Age, his victims hurl'd
into an iron and an armèd world:

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" 'Since by this gustful Van'ity led astray, 99
lighter thou makest man's light phantasy;
since his brute fierceness and his lust of prey
bear honoured names of Strength and Valiancy;
since thou wilt price and prize, in wildest way,
despisal of man's life, which aye should be
esteemed of mortals, nay, held doubly dear,
when He who gave it, gave it up with fear:

" 'Neighbours thee not the hateful Ishmaelite, 100
with whom abundant strife shalt ever hold?
Follows he not th' Arabian's law unright,
an thou wouldst fight to fill of CHRIST the fold?
A thousand cities, regions infinite,
are they not his, an cov'etest earth and gold?
Is he not strong in warfare, high in name,
if Honour be, not greed of gain, thine aim?

" 'Dost leave the foeman breeding at thy gate 101
who wendest foreign far-off fone to seek;
whereby this antique realm lies desolate;
whose strength, o'erstretchèd, waxeth ruinous weak?
Seekest thou dark and dubious chance of fate,
who hearest Fame with honey'd accents speak,
lauding thy lot, and hailing thee seignior
of Inde, Perse, Arab and Æthiopia-shore?

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" 'Oh, curst the Mortal, who the first was found 102
teaching the tree to wear the flowing sheet!
worthy th' eternal pains of the Profound,
if just that justest law I hold and greet.
Ne'er may man's judgment lofty and renown'd,
nor genius rare, nor harp sonorous sweet,
requite such gift with mem'ory, honour, fame;
perish thy glory, perish e'en thy name!

" 'Iápetus' daring Son from Heaven brought 103
the fire he added human breast to bless;
fire, that inflamed to wars a world distraught,
with death and eke disgrace: (ah, sad distress!)
How better far for us and ours hadst wrought
Prometheus! and with loss of life the less;
had thy famed Statue never felt the fire
of great designs that 'gender great desire!

" 'Ne'er had the Stripling, miserably brave, 104
'tempted his Sire's high car, nor empty Air
the mighty Mason and his boy, who gave
names which the Sea-gulf and the River bear.
No fierce emprize and fell, by land and wave,
through fire, steel, water, wind, frost, heat, to fare,
wherein the human race loves not to range.
Sorrowful sort! condition strangest strange!'

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CANTO V.

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ARGUMENT

OF THE FIFTH CANTO.

VASCO DA GAMA pursueth the recital of his voyage, and describeth to the King of Melinde his departure from Lisbon; the divers lands whereat they touched, and the peoples whom they saw as far as the Cape of Good Hope: The chance of Fernam Velloso: The tale of the giant Adamastor: Continuation of the voyage to Melinde, where the discourse endeth; peace and true friendship being established between the Gama and that King.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Relata o Gama illustre ao Rei potente
Sua viagem longa, e incerta via,
As estranhas nações de Africa ardente,
E de Fernão Velloso a ousadia:
Como a Adamastor vio, Gigante ingente,
Que hum dos filhos da terra se dizia,
E as cousas que passou até seu porto
Onde repouso achou, e são conforto.

The famèd Gama tells the forceful King His long-drawn voyage, and uncertain road; What couthless nations in hot Africk spring,	(1—30)
And, eke, Fernam Velloso's hardihood:	(31—36)
How Adamastor, Giant menacing They saw, who claimed to be of Terra's brood;	(37—60)
And other things that happened till was found Haven of rest, with comfort safe and sound.	(61—end)

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CANTO V.

" SUCH words that agèd Sire of honoured mien 1
still was exclaiming, as we spread the wing
to catch the sea-breath gentle and serene,
and from the well-known Port went sorrowing:
After the manner of far-faring men,
when loosed the sail we garred the welkin ring
crying 'Boon Voyage!' whereupon the breeze
made every trunk glide off with 'customed ease.

" 'Twas in the season when th' Eternal Light 2
entered the Beast that workt Nemæa's woe;[1]
and rolled our Earth, consumed by Time's long flight,
in her sixth epoch, feeble, cold and slow:
Now, in the wonted way, had met her sight
the suns that fourteen thousand courses show,
with seven and ninety more, wherein she ran,
as o'er the seas th' Armada's course began.

[1] Sol entering Leo (Northern Tropic).

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"Slow, ever slower, banisht from our eyne, 3
vanisht our native hills astern remaining:
Remained dear Tagus, and the breezy line
of Cintran peaks, long, long, our gaze detaining:
Remainèd eke in that dear country mine
our hearts with pangs of mem'ory ever paining:
Till, when all veilèd sank in darkling air,
naught but the welkin and the wave was there.

"Thus fared we opening those wastes of tide, 4
no generation openèd before;
sighting new islands and new airs we hied,
which gen'erous Henry had the heart t' explore:
Past Mauritanian hills and homes we plied,
the realm Antæus ruled in times of yore,
leaving to larboard; on our dexter hand
lay nothing surer than suspected land.[1]

"Hard by the great Madeiran Isle we past, 5
whose wealth of woodland won her chryssome name;
where first our people did their fortunes cast,
for name more famous than for classick fame:
But not the least, although 'twas found the last,
the smiles of Venus shall this Island claim:
Nay, an 'twere hers, scant cause it had to fear a
Cnidos or Cyprus, Paphos or Cythéra.

[1] The glorious Brazil.

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"We left Massylia's seaboard, sterile waste, 6
where Azenéguan [1] herds their cattle feed;
a folk that never soft sweet waters taste,
nor doth the meadow-math suffice their need;
a land no luscious fruit'ery ever graced,
where birds spoil iron in their maws of greed,
a soil where nought save horrid Want abounds,
parting the Berber's from the Blackmoor's grounds.

"We past the limit where, his southing done, 7
Sol guides his chariot t'oward his northern goal;
where lie the Races whence Clyméné's son
the clear bright colour of the daylight stole;
Here laving strangest peoples loves to run
black Sanagá in tropick summer cool;
where th' Arsenarium Cape its name hath lost,
yclept Cape Verd by us that keep the coast.

"Now past Canaria's archipelago,— 8
'Fortunate Isles' of olden mariners these,—
the waves that play around the Maids we plow
of agèd Hesper, hight Hesperides:[2]
Lands ever new, whose wonders greater grow
upon the sight, uprose our eyne to please:
Then with a prosp'rous wind we took the port,
to take provision of the wonted sort.

[1] Senegalese of "Sanagá" (Senegal).
[2] The Cape Verd Islands.

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" Now at his Island was the harbour tane, 9
that warrior Sanct 'Iago's name did take ;
a Saint who often holp the sons of Spain
brave slaught'ering of the Moorish man to make.
Hence while a favouring Boreas fanned the Main,
once more we sped to cut the vasty lake
of briny Ocean, while beneath the wave
settled the shore that sweet refreshment gave.

" Compast our courses thence the greater part 10
of Africk, eastward left her continent :
The province Joloff which, disposed athwart,
departs in tribes the Negro 'habitant ;
mighty Mandinga-land by whose good art
the rich and lucid ore for us is sent,
which curvèd Gámbia's wealth of waters drinketh
ere in Atlantis' breadth his current sinketh :

" We past the Dorcades,[1] those isles assign'd 11
of the Weird Sisters erst the home to be,
who born of several vision reft and blind,
made single eye-ball serve for all the three :
Thou, only thou, whose crispy locks entwin'd
frore Neptune fired'st in his realm, the sea,
than ev'ery foulest monster fouler still
the burning sand with viper-brood didst fill.

[1] Alias Gorgades : Fernando Po, etc.

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" In fine with pointed Prow t'oward Austral shore 12
across the vastest Guinea Gulf we stray'd,
leaving the rugged Range where Lyons roar
and Cape of Palmas called from palmy shade:
The Rio Grande,[1] where the thund'erous Bore
roars on our noted coasts, we left and made
that goodly Island named from him who tried
to thrust his finger in the God-man's side.[2]

" There the broad shores of Congo kingdom show, 13
whilom by us convert to faith of CHRIST,
where long Zaïré's deep clear waters flow,
River by men of old unseen, unwist:
And now in fine the wide-spread seas I plow,
far from Callisto's well-known Pole, and list
to pass the torrid heats beneath the Line,
which doth the centre of our Sphere define.

12 *a*. Not in Camoens. "S'a Leone," August, 1874.

'What sights this lovely scene shall soon unbless,
the simiad Negro swaying Africk strand;
inhuman humans, slaves in Freedom's dress;
Ah me! what rude and wild and couthless band:
Females with ne'er a 'No,' males dumb to 'Yes,'
lust, superstition, ign'orance curse the land;
fair dwelling-places where the foulest dwell;
the Blackman's Heaven, and the White Man's Hell."

[1] N. lat. 11° south of Sierra Leone.
[2] S. Thomé.

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"And now our vision had afront descried, 14
there in the new half-heav'en a meteor new,
unseen by other men, who or denied,
or held it doubtful, an 'twere false or true:
We saw the Firm'ament's darker, duller side,
aye scant of stellar light where stars be few,
and the fixt Pole where man may not agree
if other land begin, or end the sea.

"Thus passing forward we the regions gain, 15
where twice Apollo's yearly passage lies,
twin winters making, and of summers twain,
while he from Pole to Pole alternate flies:
Through calms and storms, caprices of the Main,
of angry Æolus sea-sent tyrannies,
we saw the Bears, despite of Juno, lave
their tardy bodies in the boreal wave.

"To tell the many dangers of the deep, 16
sea-changes landsman never apprehendeth,
sudden Tornados, storms the seas that sweep,
Levens, whose fire the depths of air accendeth;
black nights when Heav'en in rain-flood seems to weep,
and Thunders bellowing till the welkin rendeth,
were but lost labour, and would do me wrong,
e'en were I dower'd with an iron tongue.

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" Portents I witness'd, which rude mariners 17
by long experience wont their lore to try,
vouch for veracious, while each one avers
things must be truthful when they meet his eye :
These the sound judgment of the Sage prefers ;—
or taught by Science or pure Wits to 'spy
the hidden secrets which in Nature brood,—
to judge misfacts, or facts mis-understood.

" I saw, and clearly saw, the living Light,[1] 18
which sailor-people hold their Patron-saint,
in times of trouble and the winds' rude fight,
and sable orcan when man's heart is faint.
Nor less to one and all 'twas exquisite
marvel, surpassing power of wonderment,
to see the sea-based clouds, with bulky shaft,
upheaving Ocean's depth with sucking draught.

" Certès I saw it (nor can I presume 19
my sight deceivèd me) as high it grew,
an airy vapourlet, a subtle fume
which, caught by windy currents, whirling flew :
Thence tow'ering tall to circumpolar gloom
a Tube appeared so thin, so faint of hue,
that man's unaidèd sight could hardly see it :
Yet of some cloudy substance seemed to be it.

[1] Saint Elmo's fire.

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" Little by little growing high in air, 20
with bigger girth than biggest mast it loomèd;
here slim its middle, broad its bosom, where
great gulps of water were in floods enwombèd:
The wave of ev'ery Wave it seemed to share;
while gathered vapours o'er its summit gloomèd;
increasing ever more, and overchargèd
as the huge water-load its bulk enlargèd.

" E'en as a ruddy Leech sometimes is seen 21
fixt on the lips of beeve (that careless stood
to drink on frigid fountain's hem of green),
slaking her fire of thirst with alien blood:
Sucking, she rounds her form with hunger lean;
and swills and swells till full of gory food:
Thus the grand column greater volume gaineth
itself, and heavier weight of cloud sustaineth.

" But, when 'twas wholly filled, and fully fed, 22
withdrawn the footing planted on the Main,
athwart the welkin pouring floods it fled,
with water bathing 'jacent watery plain;
and all the waves it suckt in waves it shed;
wherein no salty savour mote remain.
Now let our Sages deft in Script expose
what mighty secrets these which Nature shows.

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" Had the Philosophers, who fared of eld 23
so far the Wonders of the World to find,
the Miracles which I beheld, beheld;
the canvas spreading to such divers wind;
what many weighty volumes had they fill'd!
what pow'er to Stars and Signs had they assign'd!
what growth to knowledge! what rare qualities!
and all the purest Truth that scorneth lies.

" Five times the Planet, which maintains her place 24
in the first sky, her swifter course had made,[1]
now showing half and then her full of face,
while over Ocean our Armada sped:
When poised on topmost yard, in giddy space,
'Land!' shouts a lynx-eyed sailor, 'land ahead!'
Hurry the crews on deck in huge delight
and over Orient sky-rim strain their sight.

" In misty manner 'gan their shapes to show 25
the highland-range attracting all our eyes;
the pond'erous anchors stood we prompt to throw,
and furl the canvas which now useless lies:
And that with surer knowledge mote we know
the parts so distant which before us rise,
with Astrolábos, novel instrument,
which safe and subtle judgment did invent:

[1] The moon moving faster than the sun.

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" We landed, lost no time, on long and wide 26
Bight,[1] and the seamen scattered 'bout the shore,
to see what curious things be there descried,
where none descried or ever trod before :
But with my Pilots I retired aside
on farther sands, our landfall to explore ;
and lief the solar altitude would span,
and map the painted world in chart and plan.

" Here had our wand'ering course outrun, we found, 27
of Semi-capran Fish the final goal,[2]
standing atween him and the gelid round,
Earth's austral portion, the more secret Pole.
Sudden I see my crew a man surround,
complexion'd sooty as the charrèd coal,
tane as he hied him far from home to take
combs of rich honey from the hilly brake.

" He comes with troubled gest and gait, as though 28
he ne'er had found him in such fell extreme ;
nor he our speech, nor we his jargon know,
a salvage worse than brutal Polypheme :
Of the fine fleecy store to him I show
the Colchos-treasure, gentle ore supreme,
the virgin silver, spices rich and rare,
yet seemed the Sylvan nought for these to care.

[1] Angra de Sancta Helena, S. lat. 32° 40′.
[2] Tropic of Capricorn.

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"Then bade I baser things be brought to his view, 29
bunches of glassy beads transparent bright,
of little tinkling falcon-bells a few,
a cap of cramoisie that glads the sight.
By signs and signals then I saw and knew,
in such cheap trash he takes a child's delight;
I bid them loose him with his treasures all,
when off he hurries for the nearest kraal.

"His friends and neighbours on the following day, 30
all mother-nude, with night-entinctur'd skin,
adown their asp'erous hillocks fand their way,
lárgesse and gifts their mate had won, to win:
In crowds they gather'd and so tame were they,
the show of softness bred much daring in
Fernam Velloso's brain to see the land,
and thread the bushes with the barbarous band.

"Now doth Velloso on his arm rely 31
and, being arr'ogant, weens to wend secure;
but when already overtime goes by
wherein no sign of good I can procure;
standing with face upturned in hope to 'spy
the bold Adv'enturer, lo! adown the dure
hillocks appears he, making for the shore,
with more of hurry than he showed before.

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" Coelho's galley lightly rowed for land 32
to take him off, but ere the shore she made
a burly Blackmoor cast a bully hand
on him, for fear their prisoner evade:
Others and others coming, soon the band
grappleth Velloso, who finds none to aid;
I haste, our gallant oarsmen strenuous working,
when shows a Negro flock[1] in ambush lurking.

" Now from the clashing cloud a rattling rain 33
of shafts and stones began on us to pour,
nor did they hurtle through the lift in vain,
for thence my leg this hurt of arrow bore.
But we, like men with causes to complain,
send such thick-woven answer strong and sore
that from their exploit gainèd some, perhaps,
a blush of honours crimson as their caps.

" And, saved Velloso from such imm'inent fate, 34
fast to the Squadron both the boats retirèd,
seeing the rude intent and ugly hate
of brutes by bestial rage and malice firèd;
from whom no better tidings could we 'wait
anent that India-land, the dear-desirèd,
save it lay far, far, far, the fellows said:—
Once more the canvas to the breeze I spread.

[1] In orig., *bando*, applied to birds.

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" Then to Velloso quoth a mate in jest 35
(while all with meaning smile the jibe attend),
' Holá, Velloso ! sure that hilly crest
is hard to climb as easy to descend.'
' Yea, true ! ' the daring volunteer confest ;
' but when so many curs afar I ken'd
packing, I hurried, for I 'gan to doubt me
ill-luck might catch you were ye there without me.'

" He then recounted how, when duly made 36
that wooded Mount, the blacks of whom I speak,
his further travel o'er the land forbade
threat'ening unless he turn death-wrong to wreak :
Then, straight returning, ambuscade they laid,
that we when landing a lost mate to seek,
might straight be banisht to the Reign obscure,
that at more leisure they the loot secure.

" But now five other suns had come and gone, 37
since from our landfall went we forth to plow
seas to the seaman still unseen, unknown,
while from astern the breezes favouring blow ;
when, as a night closed in, all careless strown
the Crew kept watch upon the cutting Prow,
deep'ening the welkin's darkling hues, a cloud
sails high o'erhead, and seems the sky to shroud.

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"It came so chargèd with such tem'erous stride 38
in every falt'ering heart blank fear it bred:
Roars from afar and raves the sombre tide
as though vain thunder'ing on some rocky head:
'Almighty Pow'r, o'er worlds sublime!' I cried,
'what threat from Heaven, or what secret dread,
shall now this climate and this sea deform,
what greater horror than the natural storm?'

"These words I ended not, when saw we rise 39
a Shape in air, enormous, sore the view o'it;
a Form disformèd of a giant size;
frownèd its face; the long beard squalid grew o'it;
its mien dire menacing; its cavern'd eyes
glared ghastly 'mid the mouldy muddy hue o'it;
stainèd a clayey load its crispy hair
and coal-black lips its yellow tusks lay bare.

"So vast its eerie members, well I can 40
assure thee, all the double deemed to sight
of Rhodes' Colossus, whose inord'inate span
one of the world's Seven Wonders once was hight.
But when its gross and horrent tones began
to sound as surged from Ocean's deepest night:
ah! crept the flesh, and stood the hair of me
and all, that gruesome Thing to hear and see.

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" 'O rasher, bolder Race :'—'twas thus it spoke,— 41
'than all whose daring deeds have tempted Fate ;
thou, whom no labours tame nor war's fell stroke,
nor rest wilt grant on human toils to 'wait :
Since these forbidden bounds by thee are broke
who durst my Virgin Seas to violate,
which long I guardèd, where I ne'er allow
plowing to foreign or to native prow :

" 'Since the dark secrets com'st thou here to 'spy 42
of Nature and her humid element,
which from Man's highest lore deep hidden lie,
on noble or immortal mission sent ;
from me the Terrors which ye dare defy
hear now, the sequence of thy rash intent,
o'er ev'ery largest Sea, o'er ev'ery Land
which still thy cruel conquest shall command.

" 'This know, what ships shall sail my waters o'er 43
and brave, as brav'est thou me, to work my worst ;
to them assurèd foe shall prove my shore,
where blow the storm-winds, and the tempests burst :
Hear ! the first Squadron [1] that shall dare explore
and through my restless waves shall cleave the first,
such improvisèd chastisement shall see,
more than all dangers shall the damage be.

[1] Of Pedr' Alvares Cabral.

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"'An Hope deceive not, here I hope to deal 44
consummate vengeance on th' Explorer's head;[1]
nor he the latest shall my fury feel
by pertinacious confidence ybred;
nay, ye shall ev'ery year see many a keel
(if me my judgment here hath not misled)
such wrecks endure, shall see such fate befall,
that Death shall seem the lightest ill of all.

"'And to the first illustrious Leader[2] whom 45
Fame's favour raiseth till he touch the skies,
I will give novel and eternal tomb,
by the dark sentence of a God all-wise:
Here of hard Turkish fleet that dree'd his doom,
he shall depose the prideful prosp'erous prize;
here shall at length my wrath and wrack surpass a
Quíloa in ruins and a rent Mombasah.

"'Shall come Another, eke of honour'd fame,[3] 46
a Knight of loving heart and liberal hand,
and he shall bring his dainty darling Dame,
Love's choicest treasure bound by Hymen's band:
Ah, sore the sorrow, dark the day when came
the pair to this my hard and hateful land,
condemn'd from cruel wreck their lives to save
and, suffer'ed toils untold, to find a grave.

[1] Bartholomeu Dias. [2] D. Francisco de Almeido.
[3] D. Manoel de Souza.

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" ' Shall see slow starving die their children dear, 47
sweet pledges bred of love, in fond love born ;
shall see the Caffres, greedy race and fere,
strip the fair Ladye of her raiment torn :
Shall see those limbs, as chrystal light and clear,
by suns, and frosts, and winds, and weather worn,
when cease to tread, o'er long drawn miles, the heat
of sandy waste those delicatest feet.

' "And, more, shall see their eyne, whom Fate shall spare
from ills so dreadful, from so dire a blow, [48
the two sad lovers left in mis'ery, where
implac'able thorns and terr'ible thickets glow :
There, when the stones wax soft at their despair,
shown by their ceaseless woe, sigh, groan, tear, throe,
in a last strained embrace their souls exhale
from out the fairest, fondest, saddest jail.'

" The fearful Monster would more ills unfold, 49
our doom disclosing, when aloud cried I :—
' Who art thou, whose immense stupendous mould,
pardie, is mighty miracle to mine eye ? '
His lips and dingy orbs he wreathed and roll'd,
and with a sudden frightful wailing cry,
in slow and bitter accents he replied
as though the question probed and galled his pride :

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" 'I am that hidden mighty Head of Land, 50
the Cape of Tempests fitly named by you,
which Ptol'emy, Mela, Strabo never fand,
nor Pliny dreamt of, nor old Sages knew:
Here in South Ocean end I Africk strand,
where my unviewèd Point ye come to view,
which to the far Antarctick Pole extendeth;
such he your daring rashness dire offendeth.

" 'Encelados, and Terra's Titan brood, 51
Ægæon and the Centiman, the line
of me, who Adamástor hight, withstood
the hand that hurleth Vulcan's bolt divine:
Hill upon hill to pile was not my mood;
to conquer Ocean-waves was my design;
I went to seek, as Captain of the Main,
the fleet of Neptune which I sought in vain.

" 'For Peleus' high-born spouse my burning love 52
lurèd me rashly to such rude emprize;
the belles of heaven ne'er my breast could move
mine Ocean-Empress filled my yearning eyes:
One day I saw her with the Nereids rove,
all bare and beauteous, 'neath the summer skies:
and in such manner she bewitcht my will
no other feeling can my bosom fill.

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" ' But as my Ladye's grace I could not gain 53
for being homely, huge of form and face,
I sware by forceful rape my want t' obtain
and so to Doris I disclosed my case:
In dread she told her child my loving pain
when modest Thetis, with her merry grace,
replied:—' What Nymph can boast, whate'er her charms,
the strength to wrestle in a Giant's arms?

" ' Algates, that Ocean may once more be free 54
from this sad Warfare, I some mode will find,
to gar mine honour with his suit agree;'
thus was the message to mine ear consign'd.
I, who no treach'erous snare in aught could see
(for lovers' blindness is exceeding blind)
felt with a buoyant hope my bosom bound,
and hopes of passion by possession crown'd.

" ' Love madden'd, moonstruck, now I fled the war, 55
and kindly Doris named the trysting-night;
at length my lovely love I saw appear,
my winsome Thetis, in her robeless white:
Like one possest I hurried from afar
opeing mine arms to clasp the life and sprite
of this my body, and hot kisses rain
upon her cheeks, her locks, her glorious eyne.

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" 'Ah! how it irks to tell my sad disgrace! 56
thinking my lover in these arms to hold,
mine arms a rugged Mountain did embrace,
yclad with bramble bush, a horrid wold:
Before this rock, upstanding face to face,
which for that Angel front I did enfold,
no more was I a Man, no! lorn and lone
a rock, a stone, I stood before a stone.

" 'Oh Nymph! the loveliest born that bare the Main, 57
alb'eit my presence ne'er by thee was sought,
how could my poor delusion cause thee pain?
Why not be mountain, cloud, rock, vision, nought?
Raging I wandered forth well-nigh insane
for yearning grief with foul dishonour fraught,
to seek another world, where none could see
my trickling tears, and scoff at them and me.

" 'Meanwhile my brethren, who the conquest lost, 58
crusht in extremest conquer'd mis'ery pinèd;
whom, for more surety, that vain-glorious host
of upstart Gods 'neath various Mounts consignèd:
And, as Immortals scoff at mortal boast,
I, to my sorrows in no wise resignèd,
felt Fate, mine awful foe, begin to shape
a dreadful vengeance for my daring rape.

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" 'My flesh slow hardens into solid earth, 59
to rocks and horrid crags enstone my bones;
these limbs thou seest and this mighty girth,
extend where desert Ocean raves and moans:
In fine, the giant-stature of my birth
to this far Headland sprent with rocks and stones
the Gods debased; and doubling all my woes,
round me white, winsome, watery Thetis flows.'

" Thus parlied he; and with appalling cry, 60
from out our sight the gruesome Monster died;
the black cloud melted, and arose on high
sonorous thunders rollèd by the tide.
To th' Angel-choirs with hands upraisèd, I—
invisible Controuls so long our guide,—
prayed God in pity would those Ills withhold,
by Adamástor for our Race foretold.

" Now Pyroeis and Phlegon 'gan appear 61
with th' other pair that hale the radiant wain,
when the tall heights of Table Mount we spere,
which from the mighty Giant form hath tane:
Standing along now easting shores we steer,
and cleave the waters of the Lévant main,
the coast-line hugging with a northing Prow,
and sight a second landfall o'er the bow.[1]

[1] Angra de Sam Braz (St. Blaise), 70 leagues E. of the Cape.

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"The native owners of this other land, 62
the burnisht livery of Æthiops wore,
yet was their bearing more humane and bland,
than those who so mistreated us before.
With dance and joyous feasts, a merry band
approacht us tripping on the sandy shore,
bringing their Women and fat herds that grace
the pastures, gentle kine of high-bred race.

"The bronzèd Women, scorcht by burning clime, 63
astraddle rode the slow-paced gentle Steer,
beasts which their owners hold of beeves the prime,
better than any of the herds they rear:
Pastoral canticles, or prose, or rhyme,
concerted in their mother-tongue we hear;
and to the rustick reed sweet tunes they teach,
as Tit'yrus chaunted 'neath his spreading beech.

"These, who seemed glad to see the guest abide 64
amid them, greeted us with friendly mood,
and many a fatted fowl and sheep supplied,
their goods exchanging for the things deemed good:
But though my comrades tried, they vainly tried,
for not a word in fine was understood
that of our search a signal might convey:—
Anchor I weighèd, and I sailed away.

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"Now here in mighty gyre our flight had flown 65
round Blackmoor Africk shore; and now regainèd
our Prores the torrid heat of Middle Zone,
while Pole Antarctick far in rear remainèd:
We left astern an Islet [1] first made known
by the first Squadron whose long toils attainèd
the Cape of Tempests; and, that Islet found,
ended her voyage at its bourne and bound.

"Thence drave we, cutting for a length of days,— 66
where storms and sadd'ening calms alternate range,—
undreamèd Oceans and unpathèd ways,
our sole conductor Hope in toils so strange:
Long time we struggled with the sea's wild maze,
till, as its general Law is changeless Change,
we met a current [2] with such speed that sped,
against the flow 'twas hard to forge ahead.

"Of this prevailing flood the puissant force, 67
which to the southward our Armada hove,
such set opposèd to our northing course,
the winds to waft us onwards vainly strove:
Till Notus fashed to find us fare the worse,
(it seems) in struggle with the drift that drove,
enforced his blasts, and with such choler blew
maugre the mighty current on we drew.

[1] Sancta Cruz of Bart. Dias.
[2] Off Cabo das Correntes.

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" Reducèd Sol that famed and sacred Day, 68
wherein three Kings in Orient region crown'd,
a King came seeking who belittled lay,
a King in whom three Kings in One are bound :
That morn to other hythe we made our way
finding the peoples that before we found,
by a broad River, and we gave it name
from the high hol'iday when to port we came.[1]

" Sweet food we barter'd from their scanty store, 69
sweet water from their stream ; but natheless here
gained we no tidings of that Indian shore,
from men to us that almost dumblings were.
See now, O King ! what distant regions o'er
of Earth we wandered, peoples rude and fere,
nor news nor signal had our labours earnèd
of the fair East for which our spirits yearnèd.

" Imagine, prithee, what a piteous state 70
must have been ours when all save life was gone,
by hunger broken and the storm's wild hate,
and curst by novel climes and seas unknown :
Our hearts despaired of Hope deferred so late,
till dull Despair had marked us for her own ;
toiling beneath those strange unnat'ural skies,—
our northern nature's fellest enemies.

[1] Rio-dos-Reis ; twelfth day O. S., Jan. 9.

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" And now decayed and damaged waxt our food, 71
sore damaging the wasted frame of man,
without one comfort, sans one gleam of good,
not e'en Hope's flatt'ering tale nor Fancy vain:
Dost think that Sailor of the sturdiest mood,
or any Soldier save the Lusitan,
perchance, had loyalty so long preservèd
both for his King and for the Chief he servèd?

" Dost think, the wretches had not mutinied 72
against the Head who with their mood had striven,
parforce becoming Pyrats, turned aside
from duty, by despair, want, hunger driven?
In very sooth these men were sorely tried,
since from their hearts ne moil ne toil hath driven
Portingall-excellence, abounding still
in leal valour and obedient will.

" Leaving in fine that Port of fair sweet flood, 73
and, dight once more to cut the salty spray;
off from the coast-line for a spell we stood,
till deep blue water 'neath our kelsons lay;
for frigid Notus, in his fainty mood,
was fain to drive us leewards to the Bay
made in that quarter by the crookèd shore,
whence rich Sofála sendeth golden ore.

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"This Sea-bight passing far, the nimble helm, 74
by men to saintly Nicholas assignèd,
where roaring Ocean raves on Terra's realm,
this and that vessel's prore eftsoons inclinèd:
And now from hearts which hopes and fears o'erwhelm,
hearts in such faith t' a fragile plank resignèd,
as hope grew hopeless, esperance despair,
good sudden tidings banisht cark and care.

"And thus it happed, as near the shore we went 75
where beach and valley lay in clearest view,
a stream whose course in ocean there was spent,[1]
showèd of sails that came and went a few.
Good sooth, to greatest joyaunce all gave vent,
when first we sighted mariners who knew
mariner-practice; for we here were bound
to find some tidings which, indeed, we found.

"All Æthiopians are, yet 'twould appear, 76
they held communion with men better bred:
Some words of Arab parlance here we hear
imported sounds their mother-speech amid:
A flimsy wrapper of tree-wool they wear
a-twisted tight about each kinky head;
while other pieces dipt in azure tinct,
are round their middles and their shame precinct.

[1] The Cuama-Zambeze mouth.

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" In Arab language, which they little know, 77
but which Fernam Martins well comprehendeth,
ships great as ours, they say, scud to and fro
piercing the waters with the beak that rendeth :
But there where Phœbus leaps in air, they go
whither the broad'ening coast to south extendeth,
then from south sunwards ;[1] and a Land is there
of folk like us and like the daylight fair.

" Here was each bosom with rare gladness cheerèd 78
by the good people, and their news much more :
From all the signals in this stream appearèd,
' Stream of Good Signals ' christened we the shore :
A marble column on this coast we rearèd
whereof, to mark such spots, a few we bore ;
its name that lovely Angel-youth supplied[2]
who did Thobias to Gabáël guide.

" Of shells and oysters, and the weedy load, 79
the noisome offspring of the Main profound,
we cleansed our kelsons which the long sea-road
brought to careening cloggèd and immund :
Our blameless Æthiops, who not far abode,
with pleasing jocund proffers flockt around
supplying maintenance we mainly sought,
pure of all leasing, free from feigning thought.

[1] *i.e.* to south-east.
[2] The Archangel Raphael.

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"Yet from our esp'erance great, our hopes immense 80
bred by this seaboard, was not pure and true
the joy we joyed; nay, cruel recompense
dealt us Rhamnúsia, sorrows strange and new.
Thus smiling Heav'en mixt favours doth dispense;
in such condition dark and dure man drew
the breath of Life; and, while all Ills endure,
Good changeth often, Good is never sure.

"And 'twas that sickness of a sore disgust,[1] 81
the worst I ever witness'd, came and stole
the lives of many; and far alien dust
buried for aye their bones in saddest dole.
Who but eye-witness e'er my words could trust?
of such disform and dreadful manner swole
the mouth and gums, that grew proud flesh in foyson
till gangrene seemèd all the blood to poyson:

"Gangrene that carried foul and fulsome taint, 82
spreading infection through the neighb'ouring air:
No cunning Leach aboard our navy went,
much less a subtle Chirurgeon was there;
but some whose knowledge of the craft was faint
strove as they could the poisoned part to pare,
as though 'twere dead; and here they did aright;—
all were Death's victims who had caught the blight.

[1] Scurvy, first poetically described here.

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" At last in tangled brake and unknown ground, 83
our true companions lost for aye, we leave,
who 'mid such weary ways, such dreary round,
such dread adventures aidance ever gave.
How easy for man's bones a grave is found!
Earth's any wrinkle, Ocean's any wave.
whereso the long home be, abroad, at home,
for ev'ery Hero's corse may lend a tomb.

" When from that Haven we resumed our way 84
while brighter hopes with darker hearts combine'd,
we opèd Ocean where the down coast lay,
expecting surer signal e'er to find:
At last we rode in rude Mozámbic Bay,
of whose vile leasing, and whose villain kind
thou must have knowledge; and the foul deceit
wherewith Mombásah would her guests defeat.

" Until safe anchored in thy harbour, rife 85
with all the gracious guest-rites that bestow
health on the living, on the dying life,
God in His pity pleased the way to show:
Here rest, here sweet repose from grief, toil, strife,
new Peace appeasing ev'ry want and woe
thou gavest us: Now, if hast heard me well
told is the tale thou badest me to tell.

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" Judge then, O King ! an over Earth e'er went 86
men who would 'tempt such paths of risk and dread?
Dost deem Æneas, or e'en eloquent
Ulysses, fared so far this Earth to tread?
Did any dare to see the Sea's extent
howe'er the Muse their Gestes hath sung or said,
as I by force of will and skill have seen
and still shall see; or e'en the eighth, I ween?

" This, who so deeply drank of Fount Aonian, 87
o'er whom contend in conquest peregrine
Rhodes, Ios, Smyrna, with the Colophonian
Athens and Argos and the Salamine:
And that, the lustre of the land Ausonian,
whose voice altis'onous and whose lyre divine
his native Mincius hearing, sinks to sleep,
while Tyber's waves with pride and pleasure leap:

" Sing, laud and write they both in wild extremes 88
of these their Demigods, and prowess vaunt
on fabled Magians, Circes, Polyphemes,
and Sirens lulling with the sleepy chaunt:
Send them to plow with oar and sail the streams
of Cicons; on th' oblivious lands descant
where slumb'erous Lotus-eaters dazed and died;
e'en be their Pilot whelmed in Ocean-tide:

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" Storms let them loosen from the Bags of Wind, 89
create Calypsos captivate by love ;
make Harpies' touch contam'inate all they find,
and in sad Hades make their Heroes rove ;
however much, o'er much, they have refine'd
such fabled tales, which Poet's fancy prove,
the simple naked truth my story telleth
all their grandiloquence of writ excelleth."

Fast on our Captain's facund lips depends 90
as drunk with wonder, all that soul-wrapt crowd ;
until at length his travel-story ends ;
his tale that told of noble deeds and proud.
The high-conceiv'ed intent the King commends
of Kings to not'able feats of warfare vow'd :
Their Lieges' old and val'orous strain extols,
their loyal spirits and their noble souls.

Th' admiring audience to recount are fain 91
each case, as each one best could understand :
None from the hardy Folk could turn their eyne
who by such long-drawn ways the waves had span'd.
Now, as the Delian youth turns round the rein
Lampetia's brother held with feeble hand,
and in the Thetian arms way-weary falls ;
the King hies sea-borne to his royal halls.

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How pleasant sound the praise and well-won glory 92
of man's own exploits as man hears them chime!
for noble travail, actions digne of story,
that dim or equal those of passèd Time.
Envy of famous feats untransitory
hath 'gendered thousand thousand deeds sublime:
The Brave who loves to tread in Valour's ways
pants for the pleasure of his fellows' praise.

Achilles' glorious feats could not so 'flame, 93
nor Alexander's soul to fight inspirèd;
as he who sang in numbered verse his name;
such praise, such honour most his soul desirèd.
Nought but the trophies of Miltiades' fame
could rouse Themistocles with envy firèd;
who owned his highest joy, his best delight,
came from the voices which his feats recite.

Vasco da Gama striveth hard to prove 94
that these old travels in world-song resounding
merit not glory nor men's hearts may move
like his sore travails Heav'en and Earth astounding.
Yes! but that Hero, whose esteem and love
crownèd with praise, prize, honours, gifts abounding
the Lyre of Mantua, taught her Bard to chaunt
Æneas' name, and Rome's high glories vaunt.

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Scipios and Cæsars giveth Lusia-land, 95
gives Alexanders and Augusti gives ;
but she withal may not the gifts command
whose want rears rough and ready working-lives :
Octavius, prest by Fortune's heaviest hand,
with compt and learned verse her wrong survives.
Nor, certès, Fulvia shall this truth deny,
Gláphyra's [1] wit entrapt her Anthony.

Goes Cæsar subjugating gen'eral France, 96
yet worked his arms to Science no offence ;
this hand the Pen compelling, that the Lance
he vied with Cicero's gift of eloquence :
What most doth Scipio's name and fame enhance
is of the Com'edy deep experience :
What Homer wrote that Alexander read,
we know, whose roll ne'er left his couch's head.

In fine, the nations own no Lord of Men 97
that lackt a cultured learnèd phantasy,
of Grecian, Latian, or barbarian strain ;
only the Lusian lacking it we see.
Not without shame I say so, but 'twere vain
to hope for high triumphant Poesy
till men our Rhymes, our Songs shall lay to heart ;
for minds Art-ign'orant aye look down on Art.

[1] Cleopatra (says Faria y Sousa).

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For this, and not for Nature's fault, be sure 98
Virgil nor Homer rise to strike the lyre;
nor shall rise ever, an this mode endure,
pious Æneas or Achilles dire.
But,—worst of all,—it maketh man so dour
austere, rough, frigid to poetic fire;
so rude, so heedless to be known or know,
few heed the want and many will it so.

Let grateful Gama to my Muse give grace, 99
for the great patriot-love that gars her sound
the Lyre for all her Sons, and aye retrace
the name and fame of ways and wars renown'd:
Nor he, nor they who call themselves his race
e'er in Calliope a friend so found,
or from the Tagus-maidens boon could claim,
to leave their golden webs and hymn his name.

Because fraternal love and friendly will 100
that deals to every Lusian Brave his meed
of laud, this thought, these resolutions fill
my gentle Tagides; and this their creed.
Yet ne'er let human bosom cease to thrill
with Hope to dare and do some mighty deed,
since or by these or, haply, other ways,
he ne'er shall forfeit prizes, value, praise.

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CANTO VI.

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ARGUMENT

OF THE SIXTH CANTO.

VASCO DA GAMA departeth from Melinde ; and, while he voyageth prosperously, Bacchus descendeth to the sea : Description of Neptune's Palace : The same (Bacchus) convoketh the Sea-gods and persuadeth them to destroy the Navigators : Meanwhile Velloso entertaineth his mates with the tale of the "Twelve of England" : An horrible storm ariseth : It is calmed by Venus and her Nymphs: At length they arrive in calm weather at Calecut, the last and longed-for bourne of this navigation.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Parte-se de Melinde o illustre Gama,
Com Pilotos da terra, e mantimento :
Desce Lyeo ao mar Neptuno chama
Todos os deoses do humido elemento :
Conta Velloso, aos seus dando honra, e fama,
Dos doze de Inglaterra o vencimento ;
Soccorre Venus a affligida armada,
E á India chega tanto desejada.

Illustrious Gama from Mombasah saileth, With native Pilots and fresh nutriment ;	(1—5)
Descends Lyæus seaward ; Neptune haileth The Gods who rule the humid element :	(6—37)
Velloso, giving praise and honour, telleth Of th' "English Twelve" the Tale of Tournament :	(38—69)
Succoureth Venus her long suff'ering Fleet	(70—91)
And thus the wisht-for strand of Inde they greet.	(92—end)

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CANTO VI.

1

SCANT could devise how best to entertain
the pagan King our Voyagers renown'd,
firm friendship of the Christian King to gain
and folk so puissant proved, so faithful found:
Grieveth him greatly, that his rule and reign
be placed so distant from Europa's bound
by lot, nor let him neighbour that abode
where opened Hercules the broad sea-road.

2

With games and dances, gentle, honest play
e'en as accorded with Melindan style,
and fishing frolicks, like the Lageian gay[1]
delighted Anthony with gladde'ning guile,
rejoiced that famous Sovran every day,
the Lusitanian host to feast and fill
with banquets rich, rare meats and unknown dishes
of fruit and flesh, of birds, and beasts, and fishes.

[1] Cleopatra.

Digitized by Google

But when the Captain saw him still detainèd 3
far more than seemèd meet, while the fresh breeze
to sail inviteth ; and he had obtainèd
the Negro Pilots and the new supplies ;
no longer list he tarry ; for remainèd
long paths to plow through salt and silvern seas ;
To the good Pagan bids he warm adieu,
who prays their friendship may be long and true.

He prayeth, eke, that Hythe shall ever be 4
the place where all the Fleets may rest and bait ;
for nothing better now desireth he,
than for such Barons to quit reign and state :
Eke, that ere light of Life his body flee
he will on opportunity await
his days to peril and his crown to waive,
for King so kingly and for Braves so brave.

Response in sim'ilar speech to such discourse 5
the Captain gave, and loosing canvas sailèd,
straight for Auroran regions shaping course,
where his long seeking still so scant availèd.
No more his Guide and Pilot had recourse
to fraud and falsehood, nay, he never failèd
in his sure seamanship ; so sped they o'er
securer seas than those they sail'd before.

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They fought the restless floods that front the Morn 6
now ent'ering Indic Ocean, and descried
Sol's chambers, where the burning God is born;
and ev'ery wish was wellnigh satisfied.
But now that ill Thyoneus' soul of scorn,
mourning the mighty meeds of power and pride
that Lusian valour wendeth dight to win,
burns and blasphemes with madding rage insane.

He saw the potent hosts of Heav'en prepare 7
in Lisbon town a novel Rome t' instal:
Nor aught can alter; such high fortunes are
ruled by the dreadful Pow'er that ruleth all.
In fine he flies Olympus in despair,
to find on earth new mode remedial:
He thrids the humid Reign and seeks his court
who gained the Gov'ernance of the Seas by sort.

Deep in the lowest depths of the profound 8
and lofty Caves, where surges slumb'ering lie;
there, whence the billows sally furibund
when to fierce winds the fiercer waves reply
bides Neptune, and abide their Lord around
Ner'eids, and many a sea-born Deity,
where fit for cities leave the waves a plain
dry for the Godheads governing the Main.

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Discover th' undiscovered depths of sea 9
Courts strewn with gravels of fine silver hoar;
and lofty turrets crown that Ocean-lea,
chrystalline masses of diaph'anous ore:
However near the curious eye may be,
so much its judgment shall be less secure
an it be chrystal, or the diamant-stone
that doth such clearness and such radiance own.

The gates of purest gold, where lies inlaid 10
rich seed of pearl that in the sea-shell breedeth,
with rarest shapes of sculpture are portray'd
whereon hot Bacchus pleasèd glances feedeth:
There 'mid the foremost, limned in light and shade,
old Chaos' face confus'd the stranger readeth:
the fourfold El'ements eke he sees translate,
each in his several office and estate.

There Fire sublimely held supremest height, 11
who by no grosser substance was sustainèd;
lending to living things his life and light,
since by Prometheus stolen and detainèd.
Behind him, standing high 'yond mortal sight,
invis'ible Air a lower place maintainèd,—
Æther, which conquered ne by Heat ne Cold,
ne'er suff'ereth Earth a vacuous space t' enfold.

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There deckt with mount and boscage Terra stood 12
Yclad in grass, shrub, tree of blossom'd head;
affording life, affording divers food
to ev'ery breathing thing her surface bred:
The glassy figure, eke, ensculptur'ed stood
of Water, veining Earth and interspread,
creating fishes in their varied norm,
and by her humour holding all in form.

Carved on another panel showed the fight, 13
waged by the Gods against the Giantry;
Typhœus lies 'neath Ætna's serried height,
far flashing crepitant artillery:
There sculptured cometh gravid Earth to smite
Neptune, when taught the salvage Man t' apply
his gift, the Courser, and to worlds first shown
the peaceful Olive-tree, Minerva's boon.

With scanty tardance vext Lyæus eyed 14
these varied marvels: Soon he past the gate
of Neptune's Palace, who had thither hied
the God's expected visit to await:
Him at the threshold greets he, 'companied
by Nymphs, who marvel at the freak of Fate
to see, attempting such unusèd road,
the Wine-god seek the Water-god's abode.

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"O Neptune!" crièd he, "Regard not strange 15
that Bacchus comes a guest within thy Reign;
even we highest pow'ers who reck no change
are prone to suffer Fortune's fell disdain:
Summon, I pray, the Gods who Ocean range
ere say I more, if more to hear thou deign;
they shall behold what ills the Gods befall,—
all hear what evils overhang us all."

Already Neptune, deeming worth his heed 16
a case so novel, sends in hottest haste,
Triton to call the cold Sea-gods with speed,
that govern Ocean's breadth from east to west:
Triton,—that boasts him of the Sea-king's seed,
who had the reverend nymph, Salatia, prest,—
was a tall, huge-limb'd Carle, young, swart of hue,
his Father's trumpet and his courier too.

The feltred beard, and matted locks that fell 17
adown his head and o'er his shoulders strown,
were water-pregnant weeds, and seemed it well
no soft'ening comb had e'er their tangles known:
Nor lacketh jet-black fringe of mussel-shell,
pendent from points where mingled growths are grown:
For cap and cowl upon his head he wore
the crusty spoils erst a huge lobster bore.

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Naked his body, and of cloth are clear 18
his loins, to swim without impediment;
yet pigmy sea-things clothe with sea-born gear
his limbs, in hundred hundreds spread and sprent;
with shrimps, and crabs, and many such small deer
which from cool Phœbe take their increment;
oysters, and moss-fouled mussels, while each rib
glistens with periwinkles glazed and glib.

His Conch, that mighty writhèd shell, in hand 19
he bore, and forceful blew with draughty throat;
whose harsh canorous voice, at his command,
heard ev'ery Ocean, ech'oing far the note:
Now by his summons warned, the god-like band
straight for the Palace left their seats, and sought
the Deity who reared Dardania's wall,
by Grecian fury doomed anon to fall.

Came Father Ocean, whom accompanied 20
the sons and daughters gotten in the Main:
Comes Nereus, who led Doris for a bride,
she who replenisht with her Nymphs his Reign:
And, eke, prophetick Proteus thither hied,
leaving his herd to browse the bitter plain:
He came, that wizard; yet right well knew he
what Father Bacchus wanted of the Sea.

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Came from another quarter Neptune's fere, 21
begot by Cœlus, borne by Vesta's womb,
of gesture grave yet gay, fair sans compeer,
the wond'ering waves were blandisht by her bloom:
A light Cymár of costly weft her wear,
subtle as though 'twere wove in airy loom,
that bared the chrystal charms to longing eyne,—
charms ne'er create in jealous shade to pine:

And Amphitrité, bright as flow'ers in spring, 22
in such conjuncture could not stay away;
bringing the Dolphin, who her heart did bring
her kingly lover's wish and will t' obey;
with glorious orbs that conquer ev'erything,
and steal his splendours from the Lord of Day:
Hand clasping hand the coupled Consorts trod
the sister spouses of the two-wived God.

She, who from furious Athamas of yore 23
a fugitive, uprose to god-degree,
her son, a lovely youngling, with her bore,[1]
fated to sit in Heaven's consistory:
They linger sporting on the pebbly shore
with pearly conchlets, which the briny sea
aye breeds, and now he stays his sport, and rests
pillow'd on Panope's delicious breasts.

[1] Ino and Melicerta (Leucothea and Palæmon).

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And eke the God,[1] once made in mould of man, 24
who by the magick simples' potent spell
changèd to fish, and from such chance began
a thing of time 'mid timeless Gods to dwell,
came still bewailing tricksy Fortune's ban,
which the fair maid by Circe's spite befel,
Scylla he lovèd as by her belovèd;
for love pervert pure hate hath often provèd.

And now the Godheads all in Council meet 25
amid the vasty Hall, superb, divine;
Goddesses seated on rich daïs seat
Gods throned on tall estrados chrystalline;
when rose their awful Host his guests to greet
who by the Theban sat on level line:
Fumeth the Palace with the rich sea-mass[2]
Araby's odours never shall surpass.

At length, when tumult sinks to stilly rest, 26
and when the De'ities all their greetings close,
to them Thyóneus opes his hidden breast,
and the sad secret of his torment shows:
A shade of sadness marks his look and gest,
as though deprest by sense of 'during woes,
resolved with alien steel alone to slay
right soon the Lusus men, he 'gan to say:—

[1] Glaucus, the fisherman.
[2] Ambergris.

Digitized by Google

"Prince! who by birthright holdest high command 27
o'er the proud seas that sweep from Pole to Pole;
thou who dost curb the den'izens of the land
that none o'erpass his term and certain goal:
And, Father Ocean! thou whose 'circling band
around the globèd universe doth roll,
permitting only by thy just decree
each in due bounds to flourish, Earth and Sea:

"And, eke, ye Water-gods, who ne'er endure 28
aught of injurious in your vast domain,
sans meetest chastisement condign and sure,
dealt to the worms who overrun your reign:
Why dwell ye reckless thus, how rest secure?
Who to such softness had the power to train
your hearts, with reason hardened to behold
this race of mortals weak withal so bold?

"Ye saw the wondrous insolent extremes 29
that dared the heavenly heights in arms to scale:
Ye saw that wildest phantasy that dreams
of conquering Ocean-tide with oar and sail:
Ye saw, and every day we see, meseems,
such braves, such insults that, if these prevail,
full soon, I fear, of sea and sky to find
Mankind the godheads, Gods the humankind.

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" You see that now this weak ephemeral brood, 30
who from a Vassal mine hath taken name,
with sprite high-flown, and heart of proudest mood,
you, me and all the world would tempt and tame:
You see how freely they defy your Flood,
a doughtier deed than Rome's high race could claim:
You see they seek to 'spy your whole domain,
to break the very statutes of your Reign.

" I saw how 'gainst the Minyæ,[1] first to find 31
the path that passeth through your realm, the wave,
much-injured Boreas, with his brother-wind
Aquilo and their peers, did rage and rave.
If to th' adventurous mortals who design'd
such wrongs the Winds appaid the boast and brave,
ye, who have higher right these wrongs to pay,
what wait ye? Doom of justice why delay?

" Nor will I, Gods! consent, so should you trow 32
pure love of you from Heaven hath brought me down;
not thus your suff'ering feel I and your woe,
what wrongs I now resent are all mine own;
since the high honours, as your Godships know,
I won on earth, when fell by me o'erthrown
Inde's wealthy Reign, of Morning-lond the grace,
I see abated by this little race:

[1] The Argonauts.

Digitized by Google

" For our all-Sovran Sire and eke the Fates 33
who rule this nether world as best they wot,
resolve with Fame which ne'er on man awaits,
to make th' abysmal sea these Barons' lot:
Hence shall you view, O Gods! their human hates
teach god to work god wrong: Ah! see ye not
of note and worth we have the smallest boast
whose value Reason valueth the most.

" Wherefore Olympus' height I now have fled, 34
to seek heart-salving balm for sore despair;
eke would I find, if rank thus forfeitèd
in Heav'en, your Waters still to honour care."
More would he say, but nothing more he said,
for tears, already trickling pair by pair,
leapt from his brimming lids, and as they came
the Gods of Water felt their sprites aflame.

The rage which sudden fired their hearts divine, 35
and roused to such display each vengeful soul,
suffered not counsel to contain design,
nor discount brookèd, nor endured control:
Now to great Æolus they send a sign,
as 'twere from Neptune, bidding him enroll
contrary Winds of wildest phrenesy,
and of all vent'urous sails sweep clean the sea.

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Proteus the first and foremost there desirèd 36
to speak his feelings as he felt him bound;
the general Conclave deeming him inspirèd,
by some myst'erious prophesy profound:
yet was that Company divine so firèd
by sudden tumult; brake such storm of sound
that Tethys rising cries indignantly,
"Well kens King Neptune what commandeth he."

Now there superb Hippotades [1] gave vent 37
to furious Winds erst pent in prison-hold;
the while his wilful words fresh fury lent,
against the Lusian Barons brave and bold.
Sudden the summer-vault with clouds was sprent,
for Winds, still growing fierce with rage untold,
gather as on they go fresh might and main,
house, tow'er, and hillock strewing o'er the plain.

While thus in Council met the Gods' array 38
beneath the Seas, before soft breezes float
our joyous weary Ships, and hold their way
o'er tranquil Ocean on the long new route.
The hour was that when hangs the Lamp of Day
from hemisphere Eöan most remote:
They of night's early watch [2] lay down to sleep,
while others waked the second ward to keep.

[1] Æolus.
[2] *Quarto da prima*=6 to 9 p.m.

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Drows'iness mastered, all half-numbed and chill 39
shivered with many a yawn the huddling Crew
beneath the bulging main-sail, clothèd ill
to bear the nightly breath that keenly blew;
their eyes, kept open sore against their will,
they rubbed, and stretcht their torpid limbs anew:
To seek a waking-draught the men devise,
spin stories, tell a thousand histories.

One 'gan to say, "Wherewith may better we 40
spur tardy Time who lags so sore and slow,
save with some pretty tale of joyaunce gay
that heavy slumber trouble us no mo?"
Replied Le'onardo, truest lover he,
whose firm and constant thought was aye aglow:
"What tale our tardy breasts may better move
and kill old Time than some fair Lay of Love?"

"'Twere not, methinks," Velloso said, "thing meet 41
on theme so soft in hours so hard to dwell;
the rough Sea-labours, which do fag the fleet,
Love's delicatest fancies rudely quell:
Rather of fervid fight and battle-feat
be now our story, for I see full well,
life is all hardship, and good sooth I wis
more trouble cometh; something tells me this."

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All with his words consenting joint assail 42
Velloso to recount whate'er he knew.
" I will recount," quoth he, " nor shall you rail
at aught that seemeth fabulous or new :
And that my hearers learn from this my tale
high proofs of forceful deed to dare and do,
e'en of my countrymen I'll say my say ;—
the Twelve of England shall adorn my lay.

" When of our Reign the curbing rein so light 43
John, son of Pedro, held with mod'erate hand ;
and when his Realm had 'scaped the bane and blight
oft dealt by hate of hostile neighbour-land ;
there in great England, where the rain falls white
from Boreal snow-drift, fierce Erinnys plan'd
to sow the dil'igent tares of wanton strife,
and make our Lusitania lustre-rife.

" Betwixt the gentle Dames of th' English Court, 44
and high-born Courtier-crowd, one day it came
that horrid Discord showed her dreadful port ;
of self-will sprung, or faith in common fame.
The Courtier-throng that lightly loves in sport
and careless mood to bruit the gravest shame,
sware Honour they disprov'd, and Honesty
in certain Dames, who boasted Dames to be.

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" Nay, more, if any Knight uphold as true, 45
and with his brand and lance the cause defend,
in lists or rasèd field, the same should rue
foul infamy, or come to cruel end:
The woman-weakness which but little knew,
if e'er, such foul reproach, and yet which ken'd
its want of nat'ural force could only crave
their friends to succoûr and their kin to save.

" But as their sland'erers great and puissant were 46
throughout the kingdom, none the cause would heed;
nor kith, nor friends, nor fervid lovers dare
support the Dames in darkest hour of need:
Tempting with delicate tear and doleful air
the very Gods to rise in arms, and aid
from Heav'en, for sake of alabaster brows,
to ducal Lancaster [1] the Bevy goes.

" This lord was English and in doughty fight 47
against Castile for Portugale made war,
wherein he proved the noble force and sprite
of his companions, and their fav'ouring star:
Nor less within our realm he saw the might
of Love, whose am'orous feats as forceful are,
when his fair daughter so the heart did win
of our stout King that chose her for his Queen.

[1] John of Gaunt.

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"He who in person succour must withhold, 48
lest fire of civil discord thus be fan'd,
replied :—'When I my rights upheld of old
to Spanish kingdom in th' Iberian land,
I saw in Lusia's sons a soul so bold,
such primacy of heart, such open hand,
that they, and only they, I deem, shall dare
with brand and firebrand for your case to care.

"'And, if, aggrievèd Dames! ye hold it meet 49
I'll send my Heralds speaking in your name,
while let your letters, courteous and discreet,
declare your insult, and bewail your shame.
Eke on your side, with pretty phrases sweet,
and soft caresses, let each injured Dame
temper her tears, and venture I to say
you shall strong succour see and steadfast stay.'

"Thus doth the Duke experienced speak his mind, 50
and of his bravest friends twelve names he quotes:
That suit'able Champion be to each assign'd,
he wills the namèd Knights be chose by lots;
because the Dames be twelve; and when they find
which Brave to which Belle-dame his life devotes,
each unto each shall write and claim her rights,
all to their King, the Duke to all the Knights.

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"The mess'enger now in Lusia-lond arriveth ; 51
the Court rejoiceth at such novelty :
Our King sublime to 'list the foremost striveth,
but suffereth not the kingly dignity :
No courtier but whose valiant sprite aspireth
to volunteer with fervid volunty,
and only he high favour'd is proclaimèd
whom for such noble feat the Duke hath namèd.

"There in the loyal City whence ('tis said 52
by olden Fame), arose the name eternal
of Portugalia, a nimble barque he bade
be 'quipt, who holds the helm of rule internal.
The Twelve in briefest season ready made
arms and accoutrements of use hodiernal ;
helms, crests, and mottoes of choice mode they choose
horse, selle, and harness of a thousand hues.

"Now, when dismissèd by their King had been, 53
sail from the Douro regions famed afar,
the luck-loved Twelve, who did th' approval win
of England's Duke experienced in war.
Amid the dozen was no diff'erence seen
in chivalry, while skill and strength were par ;
then one, Magriço[1] hight, and only he
this way addrest the doughty company :—

[1] = Macrinus, the "little lean one."

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54

"'Valiantest comrades! longings manifold
I nurst for many a year the world t' explore,
Rivers by Tagus nor by Douro roll'd,
various nations, laws, and varied lore:
And now that matters fit in certain mould
(since Earth of marvels hath extended store),
I would, an leave ye give, alone go round
by land, and meet you upon English ground.

55

"'And, should I haply 'counter let or stay,
from Him who holds of things the ultime line,
and fail to find you on our trysting day,
scant fault to you shall bring default of mine.
You all shall do my duty in the fray;
but, an my prescient sprite the Truth divine,
ne stream, ne mount, ne jealous Fate hath pow'er
to nill I hail you at th' appointed hour.'

56

"Thus spake Magriço and, his friends embracèd,
he fareth forwards when their leave was tane:
In Leon and Castile's old realms he tracèd
sites patrial Mars had granted us to gain:
Navarre and all the dang'erous heads he facèd
of Pyrenee departing Gaul from Spain;
and, seen of France the highest scenes and best,
in Flanders' grand emporium[1] took his rest.

[1] Bruges.

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"There halting, or by chance or whim's command, 57
for days he tarried, making much delay:
Meanwhile the stout Elev'en, a glorious band,
plow northern waters scatt'ering freezy spray.
Arrived on stranger England's distant strand,
at once to London-town all took the way:
The Duke receives them in his festive hall,
the Dames do service, greeting one and all.

"Now Time and Tide are ready for the fight 58
with th' English Twelve who first afield are shown,
chose by their King, right sure of every Knight:
Helms, crests, greaves, coats, and harnesses they don:
The Dames already deem the fulgent might
of Portugalia's Mavors all their own:
In golden owche and rainbow-silks yclad
and thousand jewels, sit they gay and glad.

"But she, who claimèd by the chance of lot, 59
missing Magriço, drest in mourning dyes
sits sad; for she and only she hath not
a knightly champion in this high emprize:
Though our Elev'en proclaimèd on the spot,
to England's Court, of battle such assize,
that mote the Dames their cause victorious call,
though of their champions two or three may fall.

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" Now in the lofty publick Lists convene, 60
the King of England and his suite and Court:
In threes by threes, and fours by fours are seen
spectators rangèd by the rule of sort.
From Tage to Bactrus[1] ne'er did Sol, I ween,
flame on such force and fierceness, power and port,
as on those English Twelve, who leave their walls
to front Eleven of our Portingalls.

" Champing their golden bits, fleckt spumy white, 61
the chargers cast fierce fiery looks askance:
On arms and armour Phœbus danceth bright
as on dure adamant or chrystal glance:
Not less on either side astound the sight
numbers unequal, a quaint dissonance,
to twelve eleven matched: Begins the crowd
to vent its general joyaunce long and loud.

" All turn their faces curious to see 62
where loudest bruit and hottest bate arise:
When lo! a horseman, armèd cap-à-pie,
pricks o'er the plain to claim of war the prize:
Saluting King and Dames, straight rideth he
to his Eleven: 'Tis the great Magriçe:
With warmest accolade his friends he haileth,
whom in the battle, certès, ne'er he faileth.

[1] River of Bactria.

Digitized by Google

"The Ladye, hearing that the man was there, 63
who would in combat guard her name and fame,
wends glad the fleece of Helle's beast to wear,
which more than Virtue vulgar hearts doth claim:
They cry, 'Let go!' and now the trump's shrill blare
fireth the warrior-heart with fiercer flame:
All prick at once the spur, all slack the bit,
all couch the lances; earth by fire is lit.

"The tramp of destr'iers riseth with a noise 64
as though some quake of earth rolled 'neath their tread:
Heart-strings in bosoms flutter; gazing eyes
are fixt in mingled sense of joy and dread:
This, from his charger not dismounting flies;
that groaneth falling with his falling steed;
this hath his snow-white mail with vermeil dyed;
that, with his helm-plume flogs his courser's side.

"Some sleep to wake no more, in lasting swoon 65
passing from life to death with hasty course:
Horses sans riders here o'er tilt-yard run,
and there the rider runs without the horse:
Now falleth English pride from off her throne;
for two or three depart the Pale parforce,
while they the battle-brand who came to wield,
find more than harness holds, or mail, or shield.

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" To waste long words and War's extremes to show 66
of slashing cuts, and thrusts of cruel pain,
were work of wastrel-men who, well we trow,
of leisure lavish, vainest dream'ery feign:
Let it in fine suffice that all ye know
how with the fame of high finesse, remain
Victory's palms with us; and ev'ery Dame
a glorious victress, did retrieve her fame.

" The Duke our conqu'ering Twelve forthwith invites 67
where ring his halls with feast and wassail gay:
Hunters and kitcheners to toil incites
of the Twelve Dames that goodly company;
who glad had lavisht on their saviour Knights
a thousand banquets ev'ery hour o' the day,
long as on English-land they list to roam,
before returning to the dear-loved home.

" Withal, the great Magriço, men declare, 68
wishing the Wonders of the World to view,
abroad remainèd and performèd there
for Flanders' Countess not'able service true:
And be'ing no carpet-knight, but prompt to dare
what exploits, Mars! thou biddest man to do
He slew a Frank in field; and thus had he
Torquatus' and Corvinus' destiny.

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" Of the stout Twelve another cast his lot 69
in Almayne, where him fiercely challengèd
a wily German, who had planned such plot
his life depended from a single thread."
Velloso ceasing here, his mates besought
he would not leave the glorious tale unsaid
anent Magriço, and the meed he met,
nor e'en the caitiff German Knight forget.

But at this passage when each prickt his ear, 70
behold! the Master conning sky and cloud,
pipeth his whistle; waken as they hear
starboard and larboard all the startled crowd:
And, as the breeze blew fresh'ening shrill and sheer,
he bade them take in topsails shouting loud
"Yarely, my lads! look out, the wind increases
from yon black thunder-cloud before our faces."

Scarce were the foresails hurr'iedly taken in, 71
when sharp and sudden bursts the roaring gale:
"Furl!" cried the Master with as loud a din,
"Furl!" cried he, "Furl for life the mainmast-sail!"
The furious gusts wait not till they begin
furling the canvas; but conjoint assail
and tear it with such crash to shreds and tatters
as though a ruined world the Storm-wind shatters.

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Meanwhile the Crew with cries the welkin tore, 72
in panick fear and gen'eral disaccord ;
for as the canvas split, the hull heel'd o'er,
broad sheets of water shipping by the board.
" Heave ! " roared the Master with a mighty roar,
" Heave overboard your all, tog'ether 's the word !
Others go work the pumps, and with a will :
The pumps ! and sharp, look sharp, before she fill ! "

Hurrieth to ply the pumps the soldier-host, 73
but ere they reachèd them, the rolling sea
and tem'erous waves the ship so pitcht and tost,
all lost their footing falling to the lee.
Three stalwart sailors who best thews could boast,
sufficèd not to make the helm work free ;
tackles to starboard, yokes to port they lashèd,
yet all their pow'er and practice stood abashèd.

Such were the gale-gusts, never Tempest blew 74
with more of cruel will, of feller stowre,
as though its mission were t' uproot and strew
on plain of Babel, Babel's tallest tow'er :
'Mid the great washing waves that greater grew,
dwindled the puissant Ship to stature lower
than her own cock ; and 'twas a thing of fear,
seeing her in such surges swim and steer.

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The sturdy craft that Paul da Gama bears, 75
beareth her mainmast broken clean in twain
and well-nigh water-logged: The crew in prayers,
calls upon Him who came to ransom men.
Nor less vain clamours to the empty airs
Coelho's vessel casts by fear o'ertane;
though there the Master had more caution shown,
furling his canvas ere the storm came down.

In air the Ships are thrown with ev'ery throw 76
of furious Neptune's crests that kissed the cloud:
Anon appeared the keels to settle low
where horrid Glooms the deep sea-bowels shroud.
While Notus, Auster, Boreas, Aquilo
the world-machine to wreck and ruin crowd:
Gleamèd and glarèd pitchy hideous night
with Leven burning all the polar height.

The Halcyon birds their melancholy wail 77
piped, as they cowered on the salvage shore;
remembering aye the wrongful long-past tale
of woes the waters wrought to them of yore:
Meanwhile th'enamoured Dolphins fled the gale
to shelt'ering grottos in the deep-sea floor,
although the mighty winds and mightier waves
threatenèd danger in their deepest caves.

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Ne'er forged such lightning-bolts of living fire 78
against the Giants' haught rebellious band,
the great toil-sordid Blacksmith, in desire
to grace with radiant arms his stepson's hand.
Never was known the mighty Thunderer's ire
to rain such fulm'inant fulgor o'er the land
in the great Deluge, which alone withstood
the pair that changèd stones to flesh and blood.

How many mountains levelled with the lea 79
those Waves that burst and brake with awful might!
How many a gnarlèd trunk of ancient tree
the Winds uptore with wild and wilful spite!
Ne'er reckt those bulky cable-roots to see
their heels upturned to meet the heav'enly light;
nor thought the deep-laid sands that floods could flow
so fierce, and raise aloft what lay below.

Da Gama, seeing that so near the scope 80
of his long voyage, ev'ery chance had failèd;
seeing the seas to depths infernal ope,
then with redoubled rage the Lift assailèd:
By nat'ural Fear confused, and sans a hope
of Life, where nought of heart or art availèd,
to that high Puissance, and that certain Aid
which makes th' imposs'ible possible, thus pray'd:—

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"Celestial Guard! divine, angelical 81
of Skies and Earth and Sea sole Suzerain;
Thou, who didst lead Thy people Israël
thro' Erythrean waters cleft in twain:
Thou, who didst deign defend thy servant Paul
from sandy Syrtes and the monstrous Main,
Who deign'edst the second Sire and children save
to fill the regions emptied by the Wave:

"If through new perilous paths a way I wore 82
through other Scyllas and Charybdes came,
Saw other Syrtes reef the sandy floor,
other Acroceraunian rocks infame:
Why, when such labours are wellnigh no more,
why are we thus abandoned, left to shame,
if by our travails Thou be not offended
Nay, if Thy greater glory be intended?

"Oh happy they whose hap it was to die 83
on grided points of lances African;
to fall, while striving still to bear on high
our Holy Faith in regions Mauritan!
Whose feats illustrious live in ear and eye,
whose mem'ories aye shall haunt the heart of man;
whose Lives by ending life win living name,
whose Deaths are sweeten'd by a deathless Fame!"

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Thus he, while battling Winds still fiercer clashèd, 84
like raging Bulls indomitably wood;
to greater rage the raging gale was lashèd,
hissing and howling through the twiney shroud:
The lightnings' dreadful night-light brighter flashèd,
and dreadful thunders rolled and rent the cloud,
as though the Heavens to Earth unaxled fell,
and the four El'ements in battle mell.

But now the lovely Star [1] with sparkling ray, 85
led forth clear Sol in Eastern hemisphere;
Day's lovely Herald hasting to display
her gladdening brow, and Earth and Sea to cheer:
The Goddess-ruler of its skyey way,
whom faulchion-girt Orion flies in fear
when seen the billows and her dear-loved Fleet
with equal anger and with fear was smit.

"Here, certès, Bacchus' handwork I descry," 86
quoth she, "but Fortune ne'er shall gar him gain
his wicked object, nor shall 'scape mine eye
the damn'd intention which he plans in vain:"
Thus she; and slipping instant from the sky
lightly she 'lighteth on the spacious Main,
bidding her Nymphs to wear as on she sped
a rosy garland on each golden head.

[1] Venus rises, the storm falls, and India appears.

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Garlands she bade them wear of varied hue, 87
on blondest tresses of the purest shine:
Who had not said the ruddy florets grew
on nat'ural gold, which Love had loved to 'twine?
To tame and blandish by the charming view
the noisome crew of Winds, she doth design
her galaxy of Nymphs, a train as fair
as Planets dancing on the plains of air.

And thus it was: For when in Beauty's pride 88
showed the fair Bevy, faded straight away
the force wherewith each windy Warrior vied,
and all surrender'd happy to obey:
It seemed their mighty feet and hands were tied
by hanks of hair that dimmed the leven-ray;
meanwhile her Boreas, she who ruled his breast,
loveliest Orithyia, thus addrest:—

"Think not, fere Boreas! e'er 'twas thought of mine 89
that thou hast lovèd me with constant love;
for gentle ways be Love's securest sign;
wrath has no power the lover's heart to move:
See, an thou bridle not that rage indign,
expect no grace of me, whom 'twill behove
henceforth to murther Love by deadly Fear;
for Love is terror when Fear draweth near."

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Bespake fair Galatéa in such strain 90
her furious Notus; for she wots right well
long in her presence pleasure he had tane,
and now she feeleth he must feel her spell.
The Salvage scarcely can his joy contain,
nor will his heart within his bosom dwell;
o'erjoyed to view his Dame vouchsafe command,
he deems 'tis little to wax soft and bland.

Thus eke had others equal pow'er to tame 91
those other lovers who their hests obey'd;
yielding to Venus every Wind became
tranquil of semblance by new softness sway'd:
She promised, seen their loves her aidance claim,
in Love's sweet wars her sempiternal aid;
and took their homage on her beauteous hands,
to bear, while sail the Ships, her dear commands.

Now splendid Morning tipt the hills with red 92
whence rolls the Gange his sacred sounding tide,
when seamen percht upon the topmast head
Highlands far rising o'er the prows descried:[1]
Now, 'scaped the tempest and the first sea-dread,
fled from each bosom terrors vain, and cried
the Melindanian Pilot in delight,
"Calecut-land, if aught I see aright!"

[1] Mount Delli, near Cananor.

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" This is, pardie, the very Land of Inde, 93
what realms you seek behold! ahead appear;
and if no farther Earth ye long to find,
your long-drawn travail finds its limit here."
No more the Gama could compose his mind
for joy to see that Inde is known and near;
with knees on deck and hands to Heav'en upraisèd
the God who gave such gift of grace he praisèd:

Praise to his God he gave, and rightly gave, 94
for he not only to that Bourne was brought
wherefore such perils he and his did brave,
wherefore with toil and moil so sore he fought;
but more, because so barely 'scaped the grave
when raging Ocean death for him had wrought
by the dure fervid Winds' terrifick might,
he was like one who wakes from dream of fright.

Amid such fierce extremes of Fear and Pain, 95
such grievous labours, perils lacking name,
whoso fair Honour wooeth aye shall gain,
Man's true nobility, immortal Fame:
Not those who ever lean on antient strain,
imping on noble trunk a barren claim,
not those reclining on the golden beds,
where Moscow's Zebelin downy softness spreads:

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Not with the novel viands exquisite, 96
not with the languid wanton promenade,
not with the pleasures varied infinite,
which gen'erous souls effeminate, degrade:
Not with the never-conquer'd appetite,
by Fortune pamper'd as by Fortune made,
that suffers none to change and seek the meed
of Valour, daring some heroick Deed:

But by the doughty arm and sword that chase 97
Honour which man may proudly hail his own;
in weary vigil, in the steely case,
'mid wrathsome winds and bitter billows thrown,
suff'ering the frigid rigours in th' embrace
of South, and regions lorn, and lere, and lone;
swall'owing the tainted rations' scanty dole,
salted with toil of body, moil of soul:

The face enforcing when the cheek would pale 98
to wear assurèd aspect glad and fain;
and meet the red-hot balls, whose whistling hail
spreads comrades' arms and legs on battle-plain.
Thus honour'd hardness shall the heart prevail,
to scoff at honours and vile gold disdain,
the gold, the honours often forged by Chance,
no Valour gained, no Virtue shall enhance.

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Thus wax our mortal wits immortal bright 99
by long Experience led, Man's truest guide ;
and thus the soul shall see, from heavenly height,
the maze of human pettiness and pride :
Whoso shall rule his life by Reason-light
which feeble Passion ne'er hath power to hide,
shall rise (as rise he ought) to HONOUR true,
maugre his will that ne'er hath stoop'd to sue.

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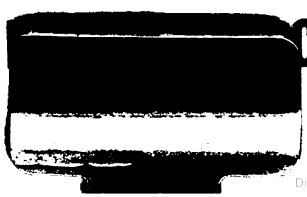

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